No. 164
Jan. '74
33230

MAD IND

OUR PRICE
40¢
CHEAP

IN THIS ISSUE WE TEAR APART

"PAPER MOON"

Scenes We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

NUMBER 164 JANUARY 1974

MAD

"Before arguing with your Boss, it may be well to look at both sides: His side...and the Outside!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of The Holiday Season.....20

CHOP SHTICK DEPARTMENT
"Kung Fool" (A MAD TV Satire)..... 4

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
"Yecch" Or "What A Waste!" (A New-Wave Horror Film)...27

HOLIDAY JEER DEPARTMENT
MAD's 1973 Christmas Poem 34

HOUSE DRESSING DEPARTMENT
A Modern Fairy Tale.....11

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 33

LAND OF THE FREEBIE DEPARTMENT
If All Businesses Used Sales Promotion Gimmicks.....14

LETTER OPENERS DEPARTMENT
What's In A Name? (Part II—Institutions).....38

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés.....**

ON-THE-JOB STRAINING
New Names For Old Occupations 12

ROAM, SWEET HOME DEPARTMENT
Customized Mobile Homes 18

RYAN'S DAUGHTER DEPARTMENT
"Caper Goon" (A MAD Movie Satire).....40

THE BEST SPLAYED PLANS...DEPARTMENT
An Architectural Triumph 25

WISE GUIDE DEPARTMENT
MAD Rattlers 36

**Various Places Around The Magazine

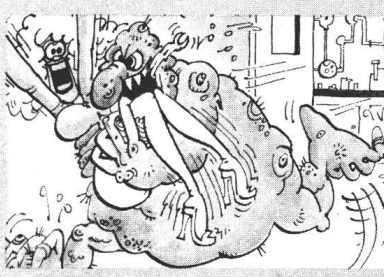
MAD—Jan. 1964, Volume 1, No. 164. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1973 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

"KUNG FOOL" (A TV SATIRE) Pg. 4

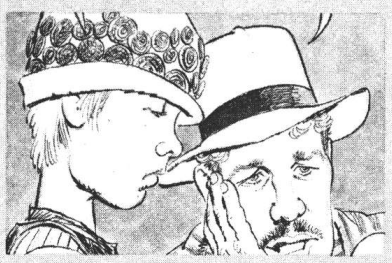
IF ALL BUSINESSES USED SALES GIMMICKS Pg. 14

"YECCH" (A NEW-WAVE HORROR FILM) Pg. 27



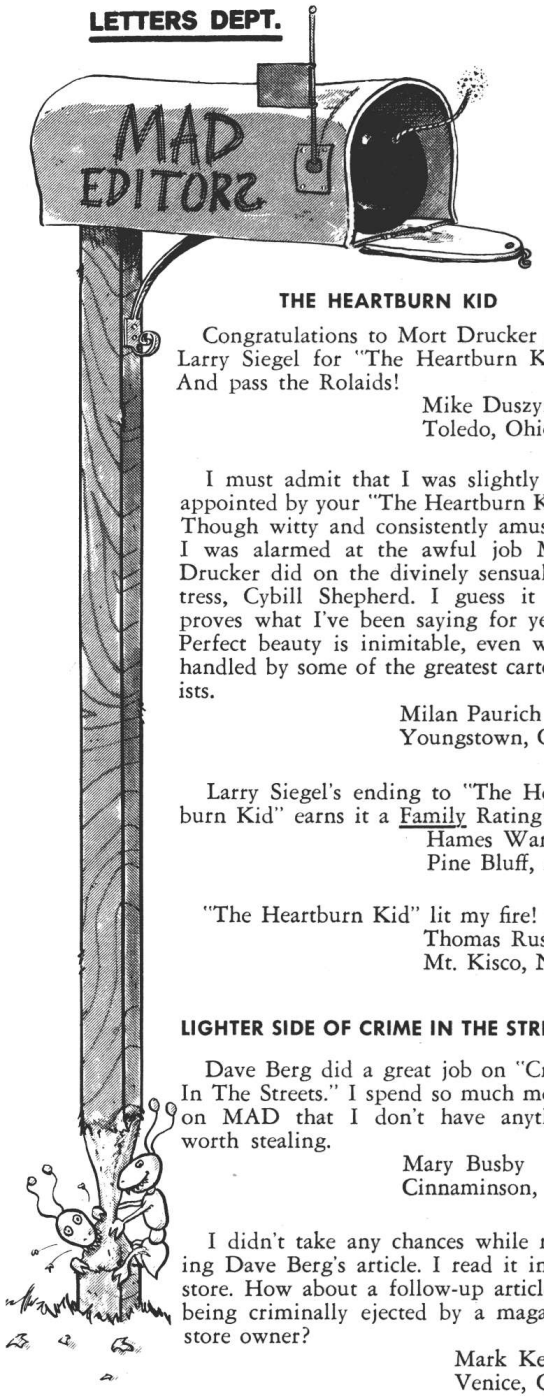
MAD'S 1973 CHRISTMAS POEM Pg. 34

SHAKE 'EM UP WITH "MAD RATTLERS" Pg. 36



"CAPER GOON" (A MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 40

LETTERS DEPT.



THE HEARTBURN KID

Congratulations to Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel for "The Heartburn Kid." And pass the Rolaids!

Mike Duszynski
Toledo, Ohio

I must admit that I was slightly disappointed by your "The Heartburn Kid." Though witty and consistently amusing, I was alarmed at the awful job Mort Drucker did on the divinely sensual actress, Cybill Shepherd. I guess it just proves what I've been saying for years: Perfect beauty is inimitable, even when handled by some of the greatest cartoonists.

Milan Paurich
Youngstown, Ohio

Larry Siegel's ending to "The Heartburn Kid" earns it a Family Rating!

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"The Heartburn Kid" lit my fire!

Thomas Russo
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

LIGHTER SIDE OF CRIME IN THE STREETS

Dave Berg did a great job on "Crime In The Streets." I spend so much money on MAD that I don't have anything worth stealing.

Mary Busby
Cinnaminson, N.J.

I didn't take any chances while reading Dave Berg's article. I read it in the store. How about a follow-up article on being criminally ejected by a magazine store owner?

Mark Kersey
Venice, Calif.

I pay tribute to Dave Berg for this and all his past and future "Lighter Sides"!

Jane Yeomans
Ft. Myers, Fla.

The biggest crime of all is the fact that someone so clever and talented as Dave Berg writes for your crummy magazine.

Michael Ratner
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I was really looking forward to reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Crime In The Streets." But, before I could get home with it, the magazine was stolen!

Mary Hale
Long Lake, Minn.

MINGO'S SAND CASTLE COVER

Norman Mingo's Alfred and his sand castle cover is as wistful as waning summer and will give me a warm feeling all winter. Lovely, Norman!

Carol Carter
Los Angeles, Calif.

The cover of your October issue was startlingly prophetic. Everyone on the beach looked at their watches, picked up their blankets, and moved back near the boardwalk. I sat there reading my MAD, and the next wave soaked my shoes, blanket, and watch. Everyone applauded as I came running in, holding my issue of MAD high and dry.

Dr. Norman Dean
Fallston, Md.

IN MEMORY OF FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

I am enclosing the back cover of your most recent edition, "If It Were Up To The Nixon Gang...." I am thoroughly disgusted and appalled at your lack of integrity and judgement in publishing such a page in a magazine for young people. I have three fine sons who love to read MAD, and so do I, because the satire is usually in good taste and not damaging to their minds. We love our country and respect the office of the President of the United States. Although we do not always agree with everything he might say or do, Mr. Nixon is our President. How can you see any fairness or teaching of young minds to respect their elected men in office, their country, and law and order when you publicly display such a cover? You might think it, but to publish it in a youth magazine seems poor taste, and a flagrant violation of regard for the training, parents who do care are trying to instill in their young. Humorous satire is good, it keeps each individual on their toes and lets us see ourselves as others see us, but disrespect is quite another thing. This page shows nothing but sad disrespect for our office of the President.

Mrs. William R. Hamilton
Greeneville, Tenn.

Your last two back cover mini-posters were really political beauties and..."If It Were Up To The Nixon Gang...":

Larry De Pietropaolo
Rogersford, Pa.

BAWDE

Maude'll getcha for that great satire!

Phil Korpi
Kelso, Wash.

Right on, Tom Koch and Angelo Torres!

Bob Schiller
Story Editor
"Maude"
Hollywood, Calif.

God will get you for that, Tom Koch and Angelo Torres!

John Holden
Chicago, Ill.

YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY SUMMER

"You Know It's Really Summer When ..." you start getting Winter issues of MAD!

Tom Hetherington
Phoenix, Ariz.

OLD STANDARDS REWRITTEN

By basing your article "Old Standards Rewritten For The Liberated Woman" on old, unfunny jokes and stereotypes of the Liberation Movement, you're showing how little you know about the Movement.

Hallie Cantor
Los Angeles, Calif.

Although I am a firm believer in feminist ideologies, I still found your misrepresentation of the feminist movement very amusing, even humorous.

Karen Kelly Tariel
Stockton, Calif.

SUMMER CAMP OWNER OF THE YEAR

"MAD's Summer Camp Owner Of The Year" by Larry Siegel and Paul Coker described the Camp at which I was counselor, a year ago. They must have been there, too, to depict it so perfectly. Our camp nurse gave out Milk of Magnesia, no matter what the complaint and there were rattlesnakes found on the lump known as the baseball field.

Carla Parness
Northridge, Calif.

As a real MADman for seven years, I've never gotten a chance to write. But Larry Siegel and Paul Coker really hit it on the head with their camp article. I had a similar experience with a nut just like Sidney Goldstar last summer and as a result went home after three days. We're still trying to get our $1200.00 back.

Jonathan Cohen
Newton, Mass.

Ever notice how many school principals own or operate summer camps? Maybe that's why the mashed potatoes taste like library paste.

Irma Zwan
Honolulu, Hawaii

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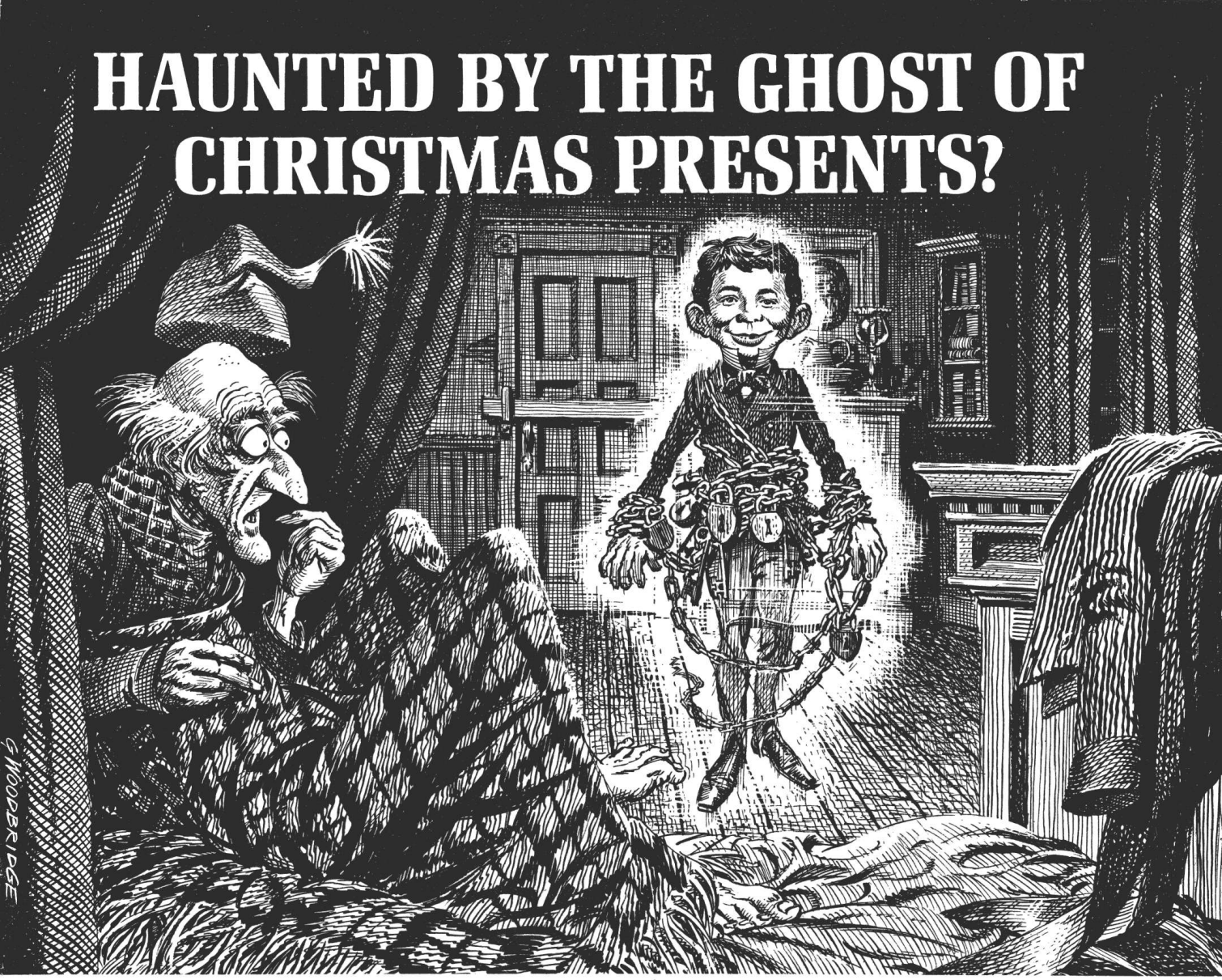

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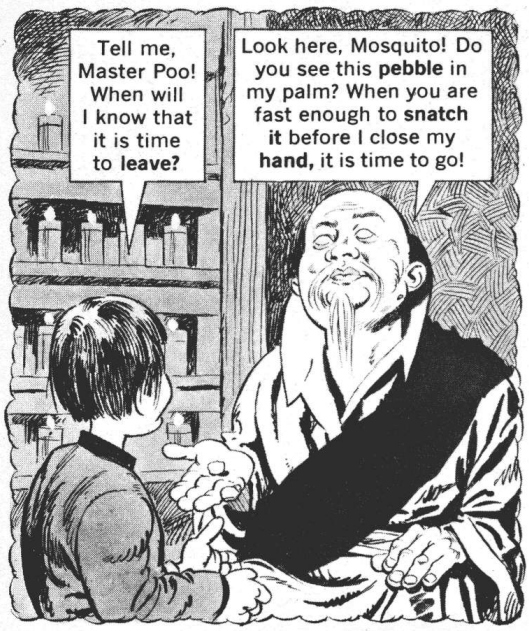
_____

THERE'S A VERY STRANGE SHOW ON TELEVISION THIS SEASON, AND IT BEGINS LIKE THIS...

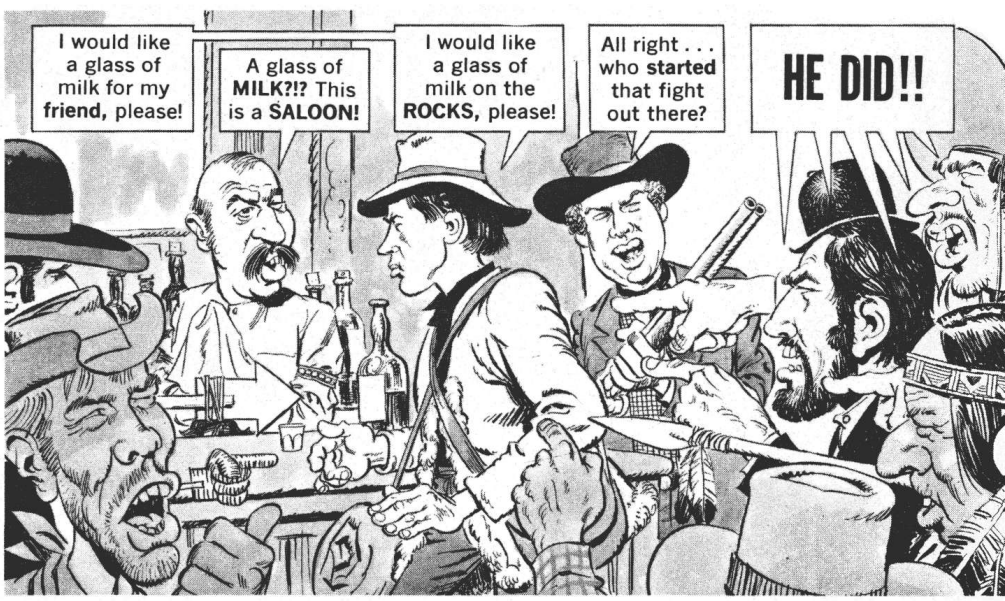


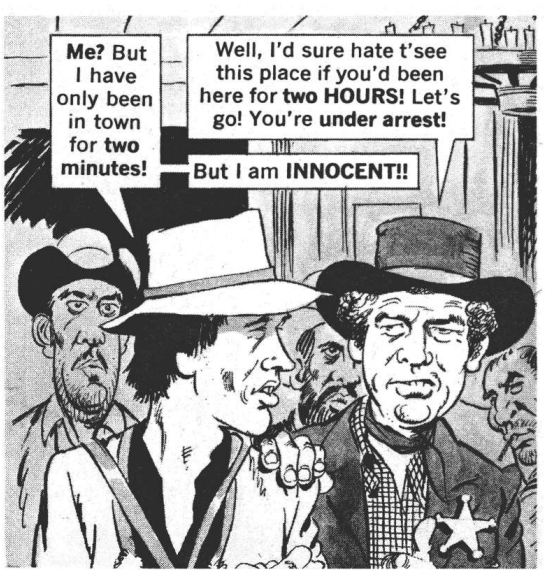
THE REASON THIS SHOW IS STRANGE IS BECAUSE THE LEADING CHARACTER DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING ANY LIVING THING. HE BELIEVES IN TRUST AND THE ULTIMATE GOOD OF MANKIND. HE OFTEN SPEAKS IN PARABLES FROM WHICH WE LEARN. AND HE PREACHES NON-VIOLENCE! IF THAT'S NOT A STRANGE CONCEPT FOR TELEVISION, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE OTHER SHOWS COMPETING WITH–

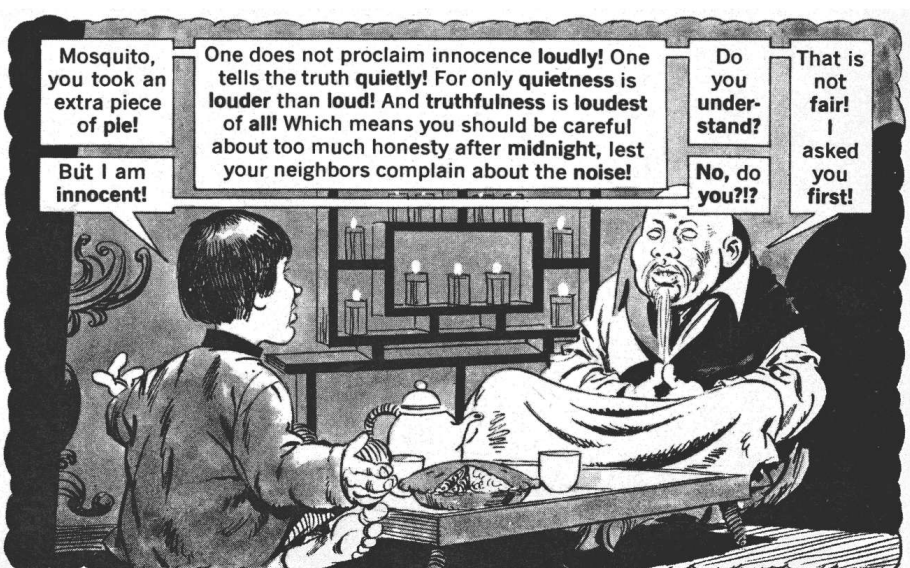
CHOP SHTICK DEPT.

KUNG FOOL

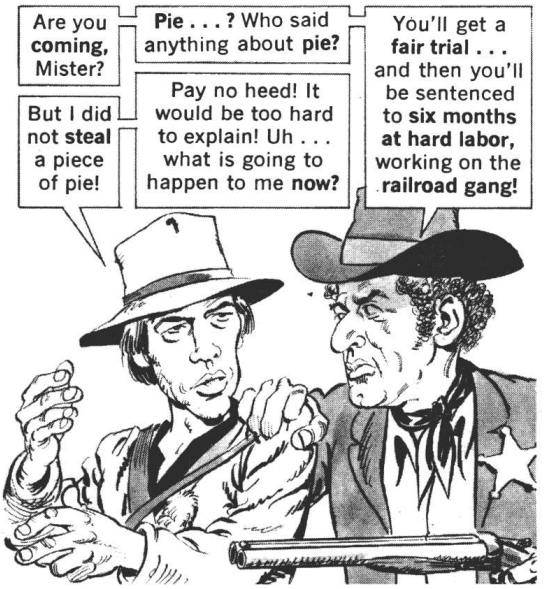
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

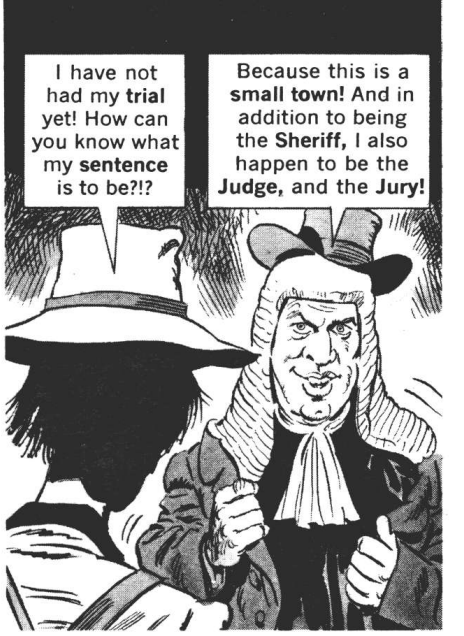


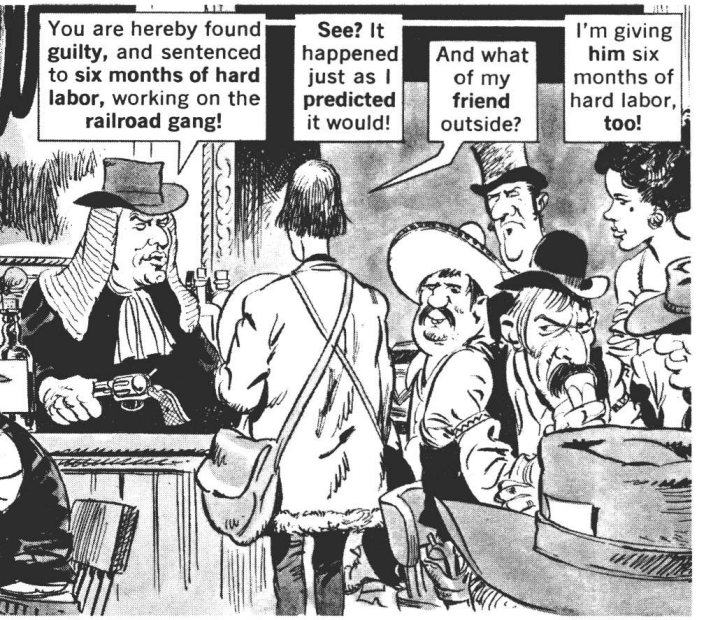




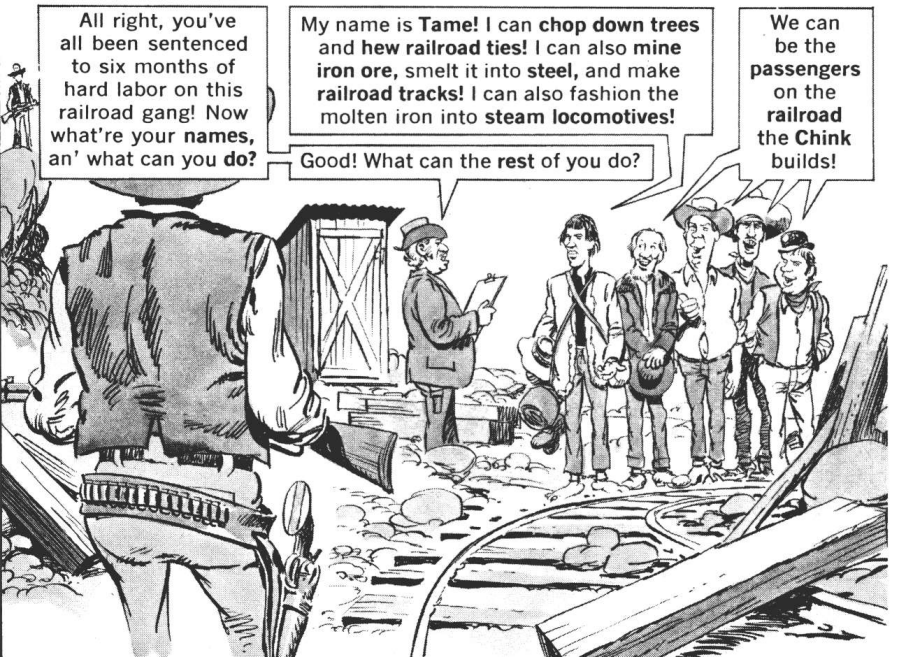
Does that parable mean that **truth** is its **own just desserts?**
Yes! And **speaking** of just desserts . . . where is that piece of **pie** you stole?

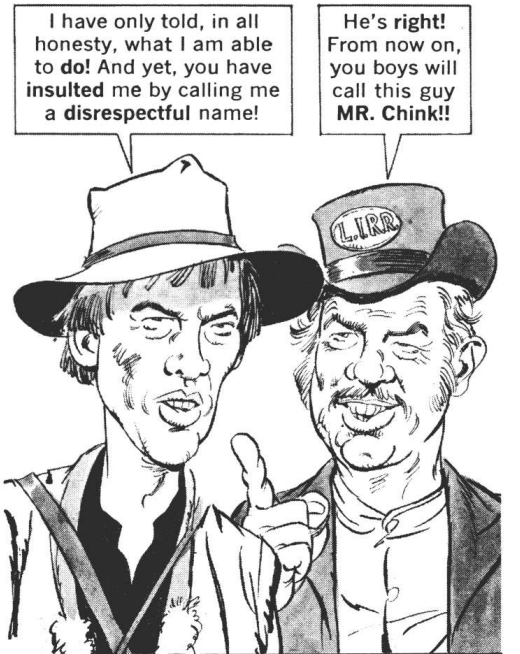

Are you **coming,** Mister?
Pie . . . ? Who said anything about **pie?**
But I did not **steal** a piece of pie!
Pay no heed! It would be too hard to explain! Uh . . . what is going to happen to me **now?**
You'll get a **fair trial . . .** and then you'll be sentenced to **six months at hard labor,** working on the **railroad gang!**


I have not had my **trial** yet! How can you know what my **sentence** is to be?!?
Because this is a **small town!** And in addition to being the **Sheriff,** I also happen to be the **Judge,** and the **Jury!**


You are hereby found **guilty,** and sentenced to **six months of hard labor,** working on the **railroad gang!**
See? It happened just as I **predicted** it would!
And what of my **friend** outside?
I'm giving **him** six months of hard labor, **too!**

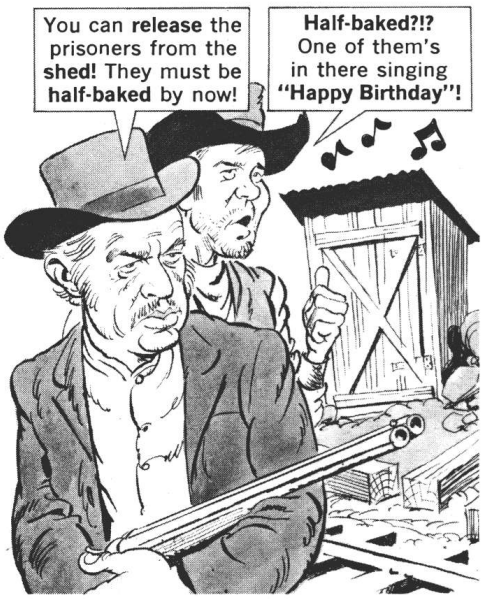
You . . . you said you'd get me some **nourishment!** Did . . . did you **succeed?**
Yes . . . I got you **free food,** and **free drink** . . . and even a place to **stay!**
How can I ever **thank** you?
I ask for **no thanks!** However, I feel the **Sheriff** will want a little something! Say . . . about **six months of your time!**

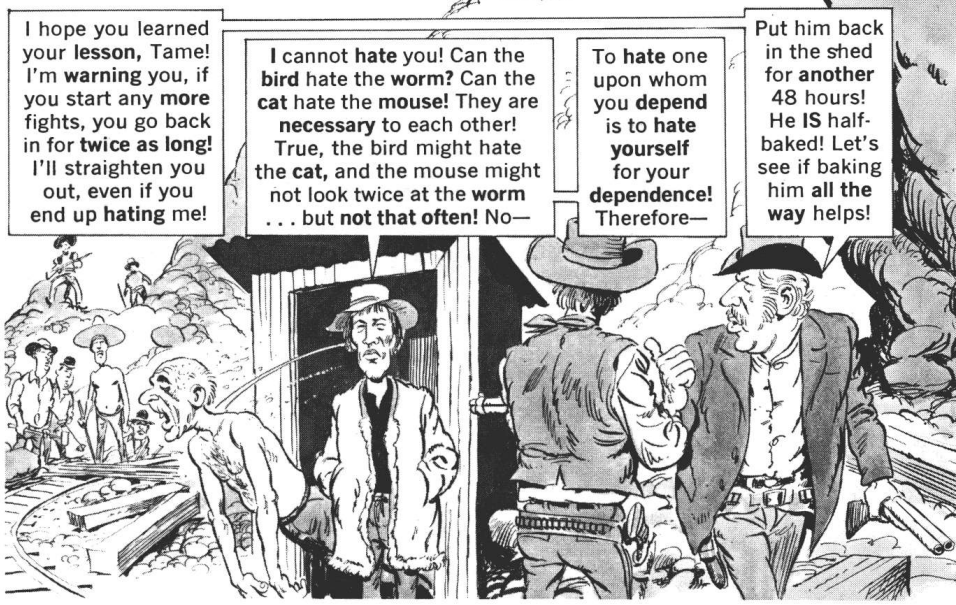

All right, you've all been sentenced to six months of hard labor on this railroad gang! Now what're your **names,** an' what can you **do?**
My name is **Tame!** I can **chop down trees** and **hew railroad ties!** I can also **mine iron ore,** smelt it into **steel,** and make **railroad tracks!** I can also fashion the molten iron into **steam locomotives!**
Good! What can the **rest** of you do?
We can be the **passengers** on the **railroad** the **Chink** builds!

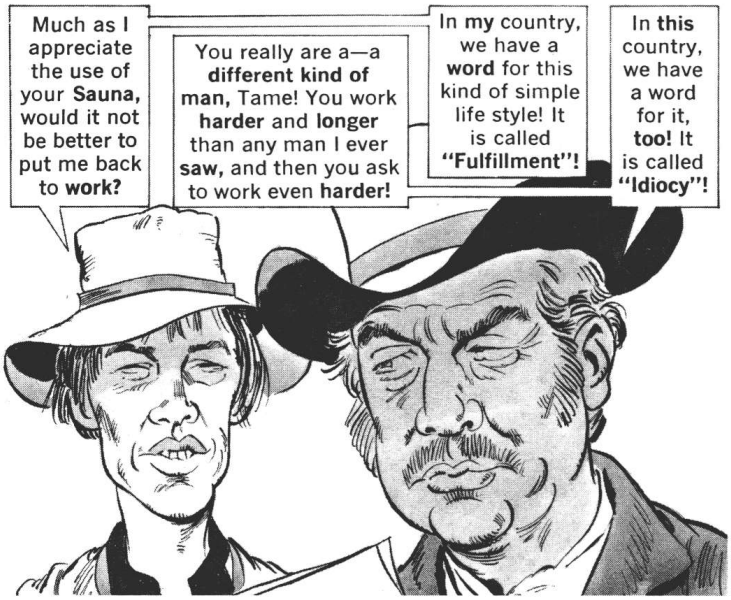

I have only told, in all honesty, what I am able to **do!** And yet, you have **insulted** me by calling me a **disrespectful** name!
He's **right!** From now on, you boys will call this guy **MR. Chink!!**
L.I.R.R.

Okay! Before you begin to work, we give you a **healthy breakfast . . .**
Y-you call **this** a "healthy breakfast"?! A cup of **hot water,** a piece of **stale bread,** and a strip of **bacon** covered with—*ulp*—**maggots!?**
Yum-yum! I never expected anything like **THIS!** I had heard that railroad food was **TERRIBLE!**
Tame, you're not like any man I've ever met! You **never complain** about anything, and you stay off by **yourself** all the time! Don't you ever get **lonely?**
Is a **tree** lonely? Does a **flower** crave companionship? Does a **butterfly** need a night out, bowling with the boys? No!
And mainly, I am never in one town **long enough** to **MAKE OUT** with anybody!
Okay! Breakfast is over! Now . . . here's your schedule! You'll work **six straight hours** until your 10-minute **Lunch** break! Then, you'll work **nine straight hours** until your 10-minute **Dinner** break! Then, you'll work **five more hours,** get a full **four hours sleep,** and start all over!
Hey! We won't **stand** for that!
It's—it's **inhuman!**
Cruel!!
Why aren't **you** complaining?!?
A little **vacation** never hurt **anyone!**
I see that you men are all set to go to **work,** so I will move out of your **way . . .**
That'd **spoil everything! You're** the one we want to go to **work** on! **We'll** teach you to do **more** work than the **rest of us put together,** and make us look **bad . . .**
Master . . . how can one **defend** one's self when there are a **GROUP** of adversaries?
Here, Mosquito! Take this **stick** . . . and the **rest** of you **each** take a stick! Now . . . all of you, **attack me!**
SOCK
CRACK
CRUNCH
WHACK!
That is how!
That is **correct!** Not only did you **assault** me, but you assaulted me with **weapons!** And even though you far **outnumbered** me, you did not **care!** But . . . notice now how your **consciences** are beginning to **bother** you! Boy, I'd **hate** to be in **YOUR sandals** now!
But, **Master!** We have **beaten** you!
You are **right,** Master! I will never forget this **terrible, awful feeling!**

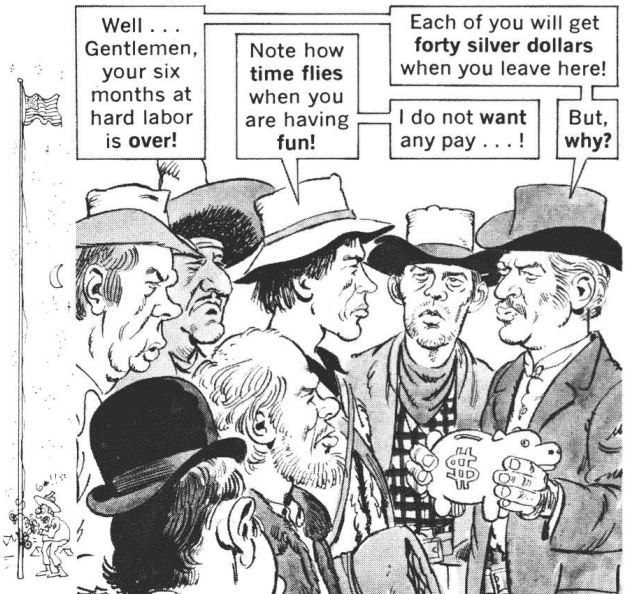
Go ahead . . . attack me!!
CRACK
SOCK
WHACK
CRUNCH
Not only did you assault me, but you assaulted me with weapons! And even though you far outnumbered me, you did not care! How do you feel about that now?
I feel GREAT!
Yeah, great!
Me, too!
Somehow, I think that parable lost something in the translation!
Okay . . . who started this fight?
HE DID!!
Tame, you're a good worker, but you sure love to start fights! And for that, you gotta be punished! Put him in the "shed" for 48 hours!
I don't know what YOU did, but I don't deserve this unbearable torture! This shed is made of metal, and with the sun beating down on it, it's over 150 degrees in here!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! SOMEBODY OUT THERE, HELP US!!
Hey, don't you feel anything at all?
Well, I did feel a slight draft on my back, but I overcame it with my mind! Here, my friend! Would you like to wear my jacket?
H-how do you do it?!?
Flick out the candles with your fingers, Mosquito! But do it very quickly! In that way, you will not be burned! Just make sure to extinguish them all!
But—I do not understand why!
Do it and you will SEE why!
There! The candles are all out . . .
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR MOSQUITO!
HAPPY . . . BIRTHDAY . . . TO . . . YOU!

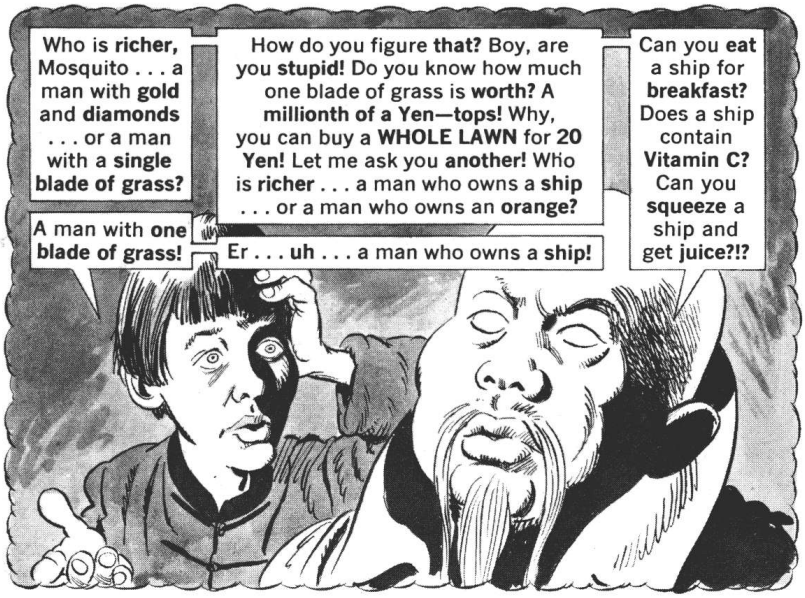

You can **release** the prisoners from the **shed!** They must be **half-baked** by now!
Half-baked?!? One of them's in there singing **"Happy Birthday"!**


I hope you learned your **lesson,** Tame! I'm **warning** you, if you start any **more** fights, you go back in for **twice as long!** I'll straighten you out, even if you end up **hating** me!
I cannot **hate** you! Can the **bird** hate the **worm?** Can the **cat** hate the **mouse!** They are **necessary** to each other! True, the bird might hate the **cat,** and the mouse might not look twice at the **worm** . . . but **not that often!** No—
To **hate** one upon whom you **depend** is to **hate yourself** for your **dependence!** Therefore—
Put him back in the shed for **another** 48 hours! He **IS** half-baked! Let's see if baking him **all the way** helps!

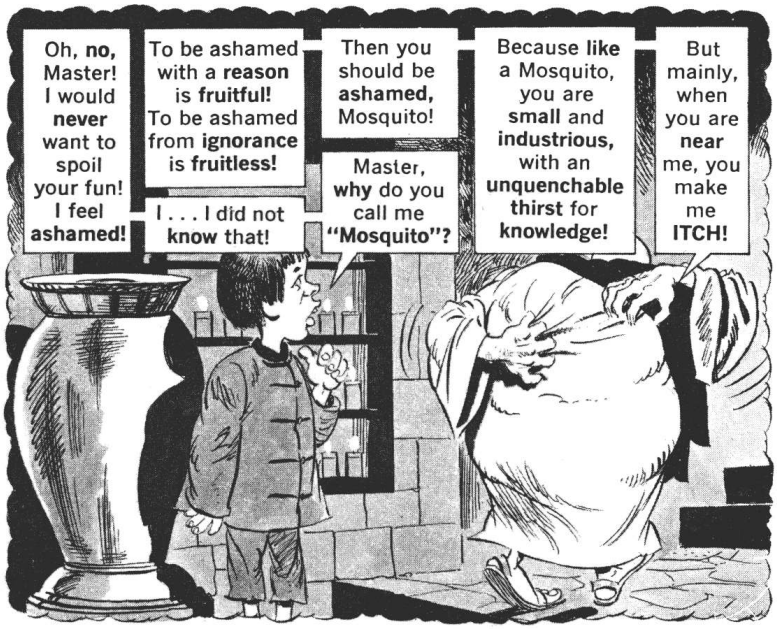

Much as I appreciate the use of your **Sauna,** would it not be better to put me back to **work?**
You really are a—a **different kind of man,** Tame! You work **harder** and **longer** than any man I ever **saw,** and then you ask to work even **harder!**
In **my** country, we have a **word** for this kind of simple life style! It is called **"Fulfillment"!**
In **this** country, we have a word for it, **too!** It is called **"Idiocy"!**

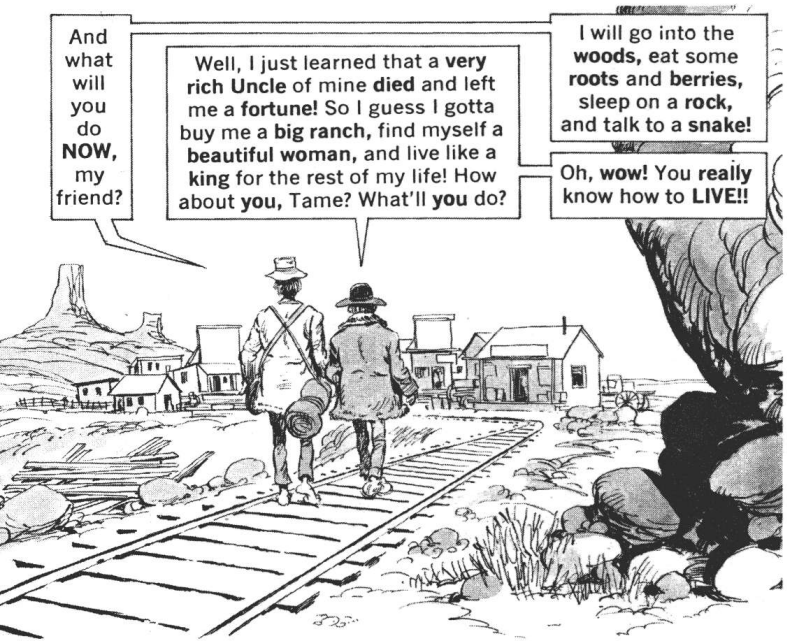
TIMBER!!
Tame, **how** did you make that tree fall? You don't even have an **axe!**
The secret lies in **knowing** in your **mind** that you can actually **WILL** the tree to fall . . .
. . . and also, you must pick a tree that the **BEAVERS** have been gnawing upon!
CRASH!


Well . . . Gentlemen, your six months at hard labor is **over!**
Note how **time flies** when you are having **fun!**
Each of you will get **forty silver dollars** when you leave here!
I do not **want** any pay . . . !
But, **why?**


Who is **richer,** Mosquito . . . a man with **gold** and **diamonds** . . . or a man with a **single blade of grass?**
How do you figure **that?** Boy, are you **stupid!** Do you know how much one blade of grass is **worth?** A **millionth of a Yen—tops!** Why, you can buy a **WHOLE LAWN** for **20 Yen!** Let me ask you **another!** Who is **richer** . . . a man who owns a **ship** . . . or a man who owns an **orange?**
A man with **one blade of grass!**
Er . . . **uh** . . . a man who owns a **ship!**
Can you **eat** a ship for **breakfast?** Does a ship contain **Vitamin C?** Can you **squeeze** a ship and get **juice?!?**

Master, I am afraid I have gotten a little lost in today's lesson!
YOU'RE lost?! I haven't the vaguest idea of what I'm talking about! I was actually trying to teach you that a fool and his money are soon parted!
Could you not have said that straight out in the beginning?
Oh . . . ? Trying to spoil an old man's FUN?!?
MADE IN JAPAN


Oh, no, Master! I would never want to spoil your fun! I feel ashamed!
To be ashamed with a reason is fruitful! To be ashamed from ignorance is fruitless!
I . . . I did not know that!
Then you should be ashamed, Mosquito!
Master, why do you call me "Mosquito"?
Because like a Mosquito, you are small and industrious, with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge!
But mainly, when you are near me, you make me ITCH!

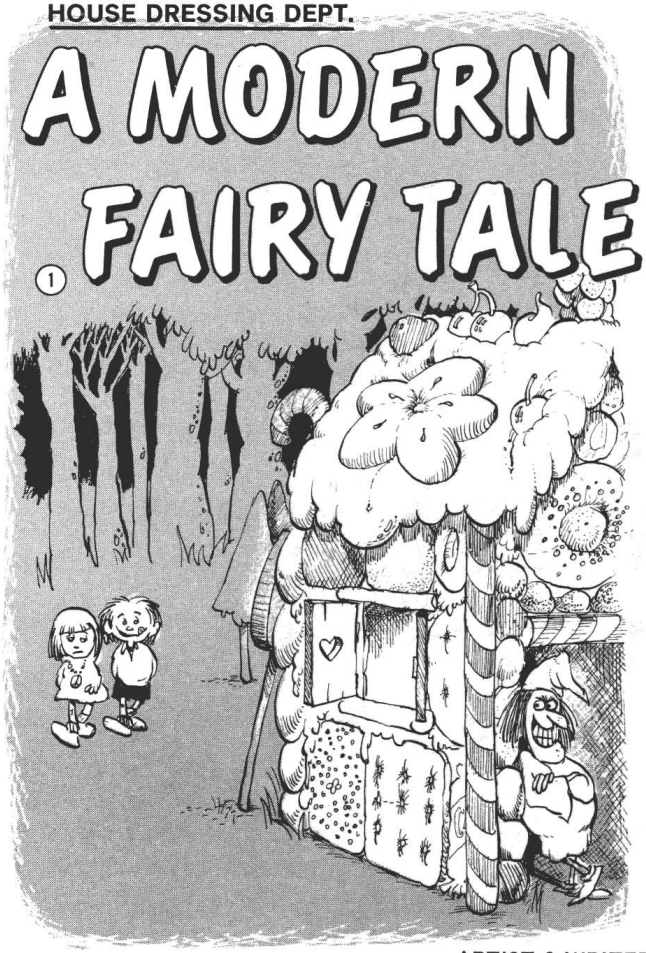

And what will you do NOW, my friend?
Well, I just learned that a very rich Uncle of mine died and left me a fortune! So I guess I gotta buy me a big ranch, find myself a beautiful woman, and live like a king for the rest of my life! How about you, Tame? What'll you do?
I will go into the woods, eat some roots and berries, sleep on a rock, and talk to a snake!
Oh, wow! You really know how to LIVE!!

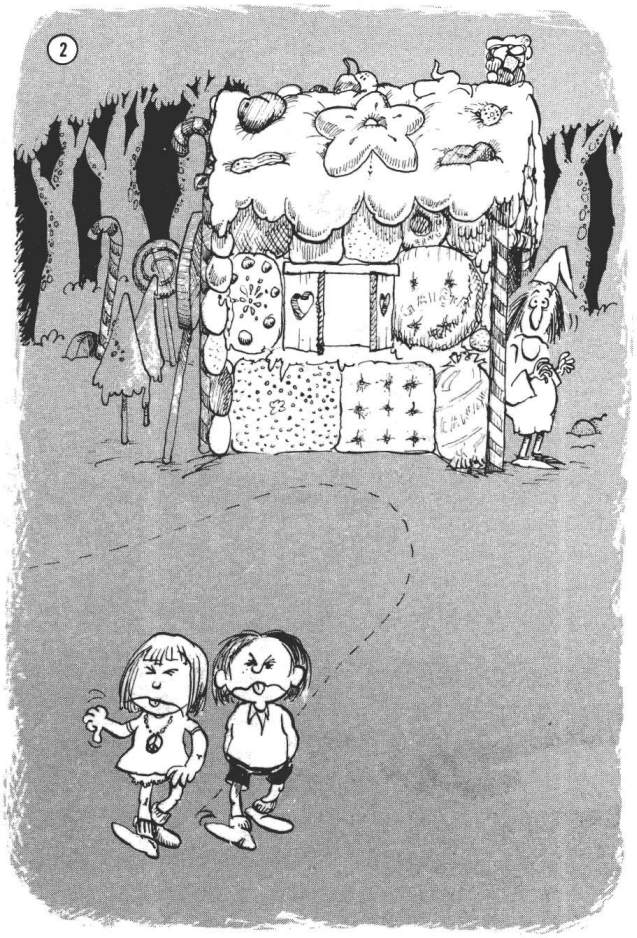
Oh-oh! Look at that! The whole town's out there! They've come to persecute me again!
Do not worry! I will help you!
Please, Tame! I don't want your help! I don't need another six months at hard labor!

How can you seek to injure one of God's creatures!? Have you no love for your fellow man?!
Love?!? That man with you is responsible for foreclosing on the mortgage of the County Orphanage!!
Yeah! And he's the one who's been stealing the money from the Collection Box in the Church!
Yeah! And he's our Daddy, and he hasn't bought us any clothes for years!
Yeah! And he's the one who set fire to the Town Hospital!
And poisoned the Town Well!
And blew up the Court House!

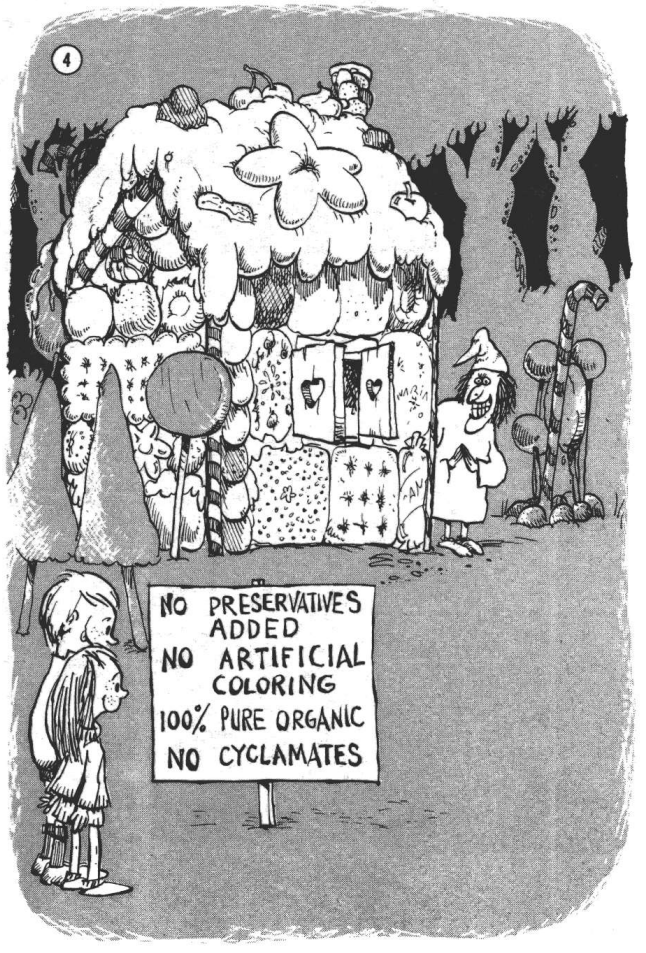
It has been written . . . "Love thy fellow man, and you will know of his true goodness!"
Unfortunately, it was written about "fellow men" in CHINA, centuries ago! Somehow, it loses something when applied to AMERICANS!!
WHACK

A MODERN FAIRY TALE





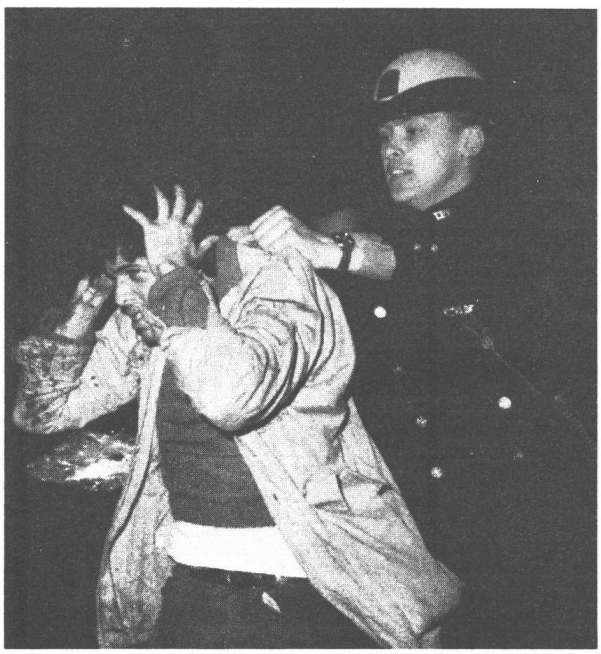
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



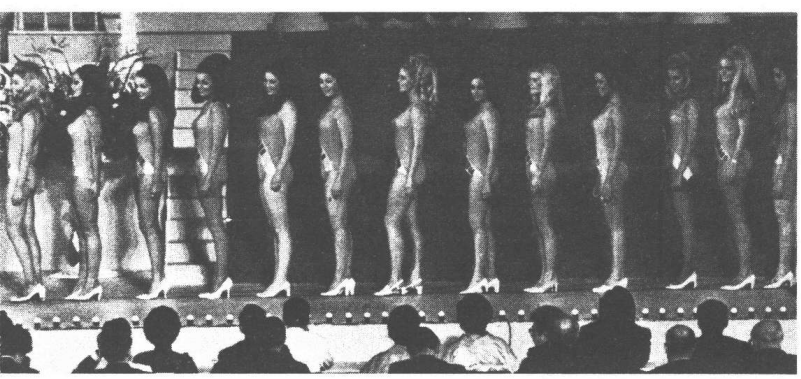
NEW NA
OLD OCCU

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

EXTERMINATORS

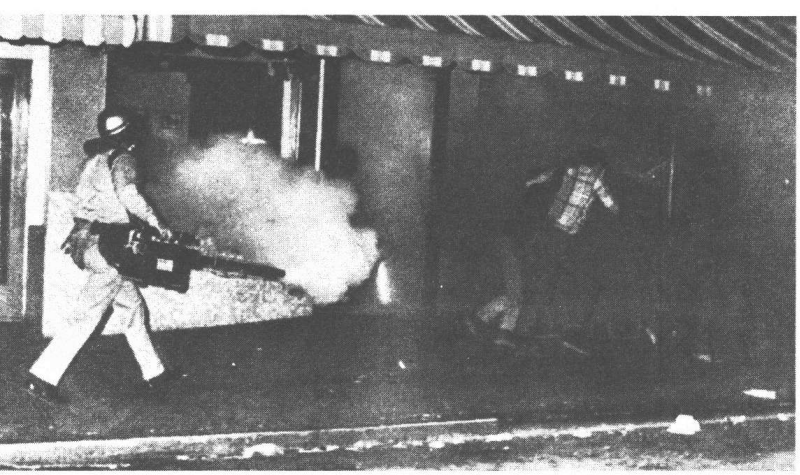


YOUTH GUIDANCE COUNSELORS



MEAT INSPECTORS

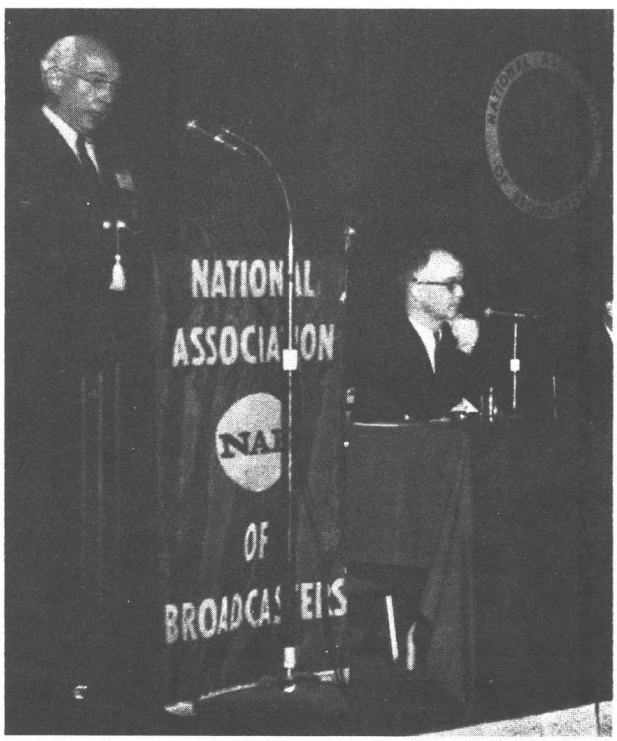
PICKPOCKETS



STREET CLEANERS

MES FOR
UPATIONS

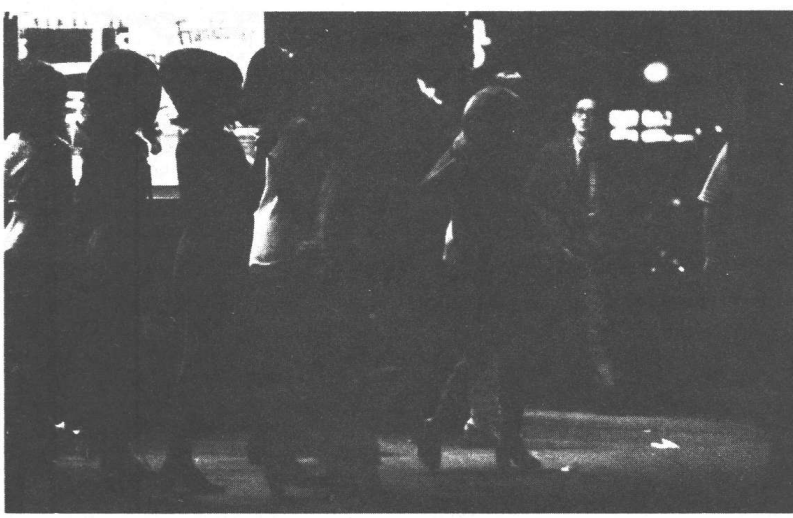
PHOTOS BY: UPI & WIDE WORLD



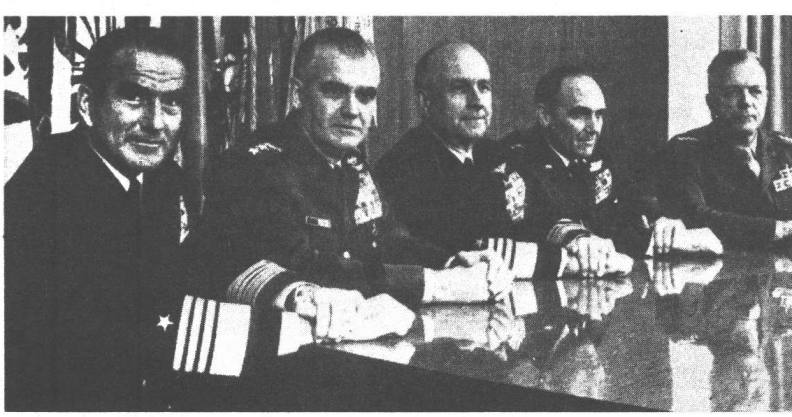
GARBAGE MEN

ANESTHETISTS

TRASH COLLECTORS



SOCIAL WORKERS



GRAVE DIGGERS

LAND OF THE FREEBIE DEPT.

WHEN ALL ON SALES

Remember that drawer you've got jammed full of trading stamps, and cards that may entitle you to a free car wash if you live long enough, and certificates good for 25¢ off on a pizza, and tokens for playing a gas station prize game that ended in 1969? Well, you're still hanging onto all that junk because some smart cookie planned it that way: to swamp you with advertising that looked too valuable to throw out. Among people who make a business of selling us what we don't really want, those coupons and tokens and stamps are known as "Sales Promotion Gimmicks." And like anything else that promises to give us something for almost nothing, they work. In fact, the whole "giveaway" idea works so well that MAD thinks it's bound to spread to some professions that don't currently do much advertising at all. And we herewith envision the trash that will soon be cluttering up our drawers

1
2
3
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9
10

SAVE THIS CARD FOR

ONE FREE FLU SHOT

WHEN TEN OFFICE VISITS ARE PAID FOR AT $12 EACH

The Doctor will gladly punch your ticket during each examination.

Ask the Receptionist how you can qualify for extra points by having your tonsils and appendix removed.

HASTIE D. CUTTER, M.D.

COMPLICATED TRANSPLANT SURGERY
FAST X-RAY DEVELOPING
FREE PARKING

Make ten appointments soon to win your FREE SHOT before the next big Flu Epidemic strikes!

WIN A FREE GOLD INLAY!

COLLECT PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE UTAH DENTAL ASSOCIATION COINS

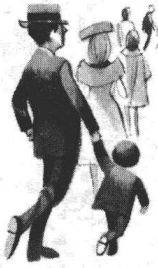
CONTEST RULES

1. Each time you go to your Dentist's office to be worked over, ask for a free Mystery Envelope containing a Utah Dental Association Past President coin.
2. When you have completed your coin set of all 57 Past Presidents, merely present the collection to any participating Dentist and say, "Whoopie! I'm a winner! Slap in my free gold inlay."
3. If your mouth is too numbed by novocaine at the time to say anything, just scribble the above message on a sheet of plain white paper not less than 3 by 5 inches in size.
4. This contest is open only to Utah patients who still have at least one of their own teeth, as the placing of gold inlays in false dentures constitutes a violation of dental ethics in all cities except Provo.

25c 25c

25c OFF

On Your Next $5.00 Donation To Any Church Of The Loving Brotherhood



Instructions to the devout: This coupon, presented with $4.75 in cash, entitles the bearer to a $5.00 receipt for tax deduction purposes at all affiliates of the Church of the Loving Brotherhood. This offer is open to valid Christians only, and proof of Baptism may be required. Only one coupon per true believer can be redeemed at each service. Not good on purchase of church bake sale items, lottery tickets or Bingo cards.

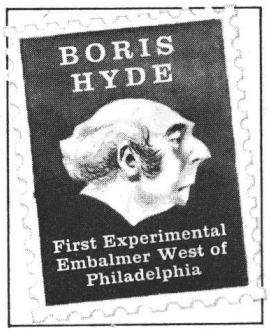
25c 25c

BUSINESSES RELY PROMOTION GIMMICKS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

START NOW TO PLAY FAMOUS MORTICIANS STAMP GAME

And Win FREE ORGAN MUSIC For Your Next Funeral!



KRETCHMER GLOOM

Developer of Limp, Moist Morticians' Handshake

A.B. "GRISLY" CHANDLER

Founder of Rent-A-Pall Bearer Service

HELMUT KLANK

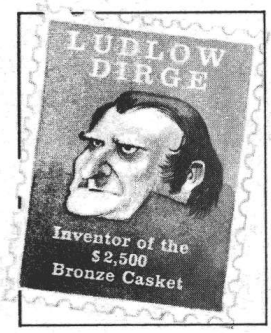
Giggled While Performing Memorial Services for Hitler

ORDWAY GRIMM

Planted 714 Stiffs in One Season, 1927

IGOR "CLAMMY" DOOLITTLE

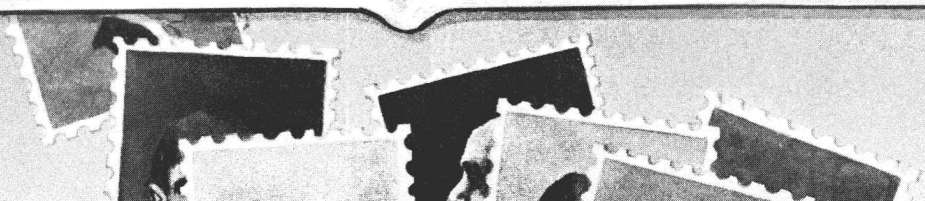
First Undertaker To Scatter Ashes From A DC-10



COL. HARLAN CINDERS

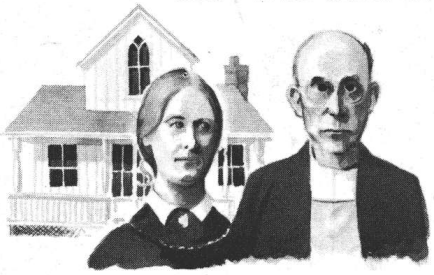
Noted Franchiser Of "Kentucky Fried Crematoriums"

Famous Morticians stamps are available at all participating Funeral Homes in the U.S. and Canada. Just drop in, pay your last respects to any client currently laid out, and then ask for another free stamp to paste in your album. Absolutely no purchase required. This offer open only to living persons who expect to become deceased before December 31, 1974



FOUR MONEY SAVING COUPONS
From The SHYLOCK STATE BANK of BOX SPRINGS
TO HELP YOU CELEBRATE OUR 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON



Worth Up To $2.12½

GOOD FOR INTEREST RATE REDUCTION OF 1/8 of 1% ON YOUR NEXT HOME MORTGAGE PAYMENT

Reduction is for one month only, and is not applicable to mortgages where the normal rate of interest is less than 9¾%.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON

SHYLOCK STATE BANK
SAVINGS ACCOUNT PASSBOOK

Previous Balance	$1,500,000.00
Quarterly Interest @ 3%	45,000.00
137th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION	
SPECIAL BONUS INTEREST	2.00
New Balance	$1,545,002.00

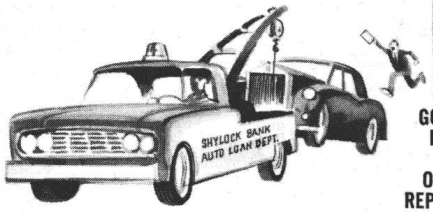
Worth Up To $2.00

GOOD FOR SPECIAL BONUS INTEREST OF $2.00* ON YOUR PASSBOOK SAVINGS ACCOUNT

*The special $2.00 bonus applies only to account balances with a minimum of $1,000,000 or more. Smaller balances qualify for proportionately less, but in no case shall your FREE BONUS be less than 2¢ for each $10,000 in your account.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON



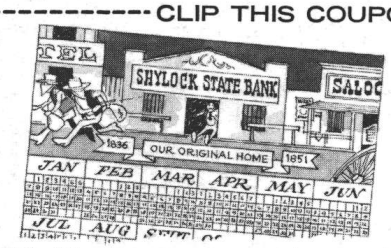
Worth Up To $21,615

GOOD FOR A "FRIEND-IN-NEED" DELAY OF 24 Hours ON YOUR AUTO LOAN REPOSSESSION DEADLINE

This coupon could enable you to preserve an investment of $21,615 for a whole extra day on a $22,000 Rolls-Royce with only one payment still due. Less savings on cheaper cars, ranging down to the $15 you would owe us for hauling away a 1949 Hudson.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON



Worth Up To $34.50

GOOD FOR ONE STRIKINGLY HANDSOME 1973 Calendar PRESENTED TO YOU ALMOST FREE

With this coupon, you pay only our printing cost of 50¢ to obtain this wall calendar covering all of 1973. Considering that a calendar watch (covering only one month at a time) might cost you up to $35 more than standard models, you save $34.50 by buying your calendar separately.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF PEORIA INVITES YOU TO WIN AN INSTANT Ph.D. DEGREE BY PLAYING

UNDER-GRAD BINGO

UNDER-GRAD BINGO RULES

1. The contest is open to all working adults who quit their jobs to become tuition paying students at the University of Peoria, enrolling in the four math courses needed to understand this Bingo card.
2. As soon as your educational background permits, add up all the vertical and horizontal rows on your **FREE** Under-Grad Bingo Card.
3. Find the cube root of the sum of all rows and multiply by the logarithm of your birth year.
4. If the answer comes out precisely 8.2733, you're a winner!
5. To collect your Instant Ph.D., just submit your winning Under-Grad Bingo Card, together with a dissertation of 200 pages or more on "The Mathematical Improbability of the Logarithm of Any Theoretical Number Multiplied by the Cube Root of the Sum of Ten Randomly Selected Digits Equalling Precisely 8.2733."
6. Once your dissertation is deemed acceptably brilliant by the U. of P. Faculty Board, **YOU GET YOUR PH.D.**

PLAY AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE!
ASK FOR A NEW FREE UNDER-GRAD BINGO CARD EACH SEMESTER YOU ENROLL

1492	$\sqrt{-10}$	13/16	π	1^{10}
36^2	6.7	$\frac{X+Z}{Y}$	4	±0
XXVI	.327	39⅝	$\frac{E}{MC^2}$	5,280
98.6	~~XIII~~ II	20/20	.00003	9:45
45/64	2X←8Y	£5	8½	∅

YOU MAY ALREADY HAVE WON

FREE HOSPITALIZATION FOR LIFE

IN THE MERCY MEDICAL CENTER'S GIANT $1,277,500.00 SWEEPSTAKES DRAWING

MERCY MEDICAL CENTER

XJ372843R

A chance to loll in a hospital bed and be pampered for the rest of your life! Think what that could mean to you in dollars and cents. Even if you only live for another 50 years, spending that time in one of our $70-a-day rooms would cost $1,277,500, not even counting Leap Years! But that fortune in hospital expense may be yours ABSOLUTELY FREE if your lucky number above is the one already drawn in the Mercy Medical Center Giant Sweepstakes. To qualify for your prize, just fill out the attached coupon and mail it in right now!

Count me in! I want to be eligible for the $1,277,500 worth of hospitalization at Mercy Medical Center that I may already have won. I agree to abide by any and all contest rules, even though I don't know what they are.

LEGAL SIGNATURE_____

CITY_____ STREET _____ STATE ____

(TO QUALIFY UNDER RULE 14, CHECK THE BOX OF YOUR CHOICE BELOW)

☐ I agree to have my gall bladder removed immediately.

☐ I agree to have my gall bladder removed next month.

WE'RE NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE FREE "GET ACQUAINTED" OFFERS DURING OUR GRAND OPENING DAYS

PEEVELY BROTHERS

TOMBSTONE & MONUMENT CO.

OFFICE & SHOWROOM
1347 Last Mile Drive

CHISLING DEPT.
1349 Last Mile Drive

(Conveniently Located Across From Forest Gloom Cemetery)

FREE This Coupon Good For **Small Pauper-Size GRANITE GRAVE MARKER**

(When you purchase any two large or medium de luxe granite headstones at our regular price.)

FREE This Coupon Good For **Tombstone or Monument NAME INSCRIPTION CARVING**

(This offer is good only on names without a B, Q, S or W, as our free work is all done by apprentice chiselers who haven't learned to carve the hard letters yet.)

FREE This Coupon Good For **One Solid Concrete MAUSOLEUM FOUNDATION**

(When purchasing a complete marble and alabaster mausoleum with cast bronze door knocker.)

FREE This Coupon Good For **Personalized, Shop-To-Plot MARKER DELIVERY AND PLACEMENT**

(Offer applies only to our styrofoam models which can be transported to cemetery by a delivery boy on a bicycle.)

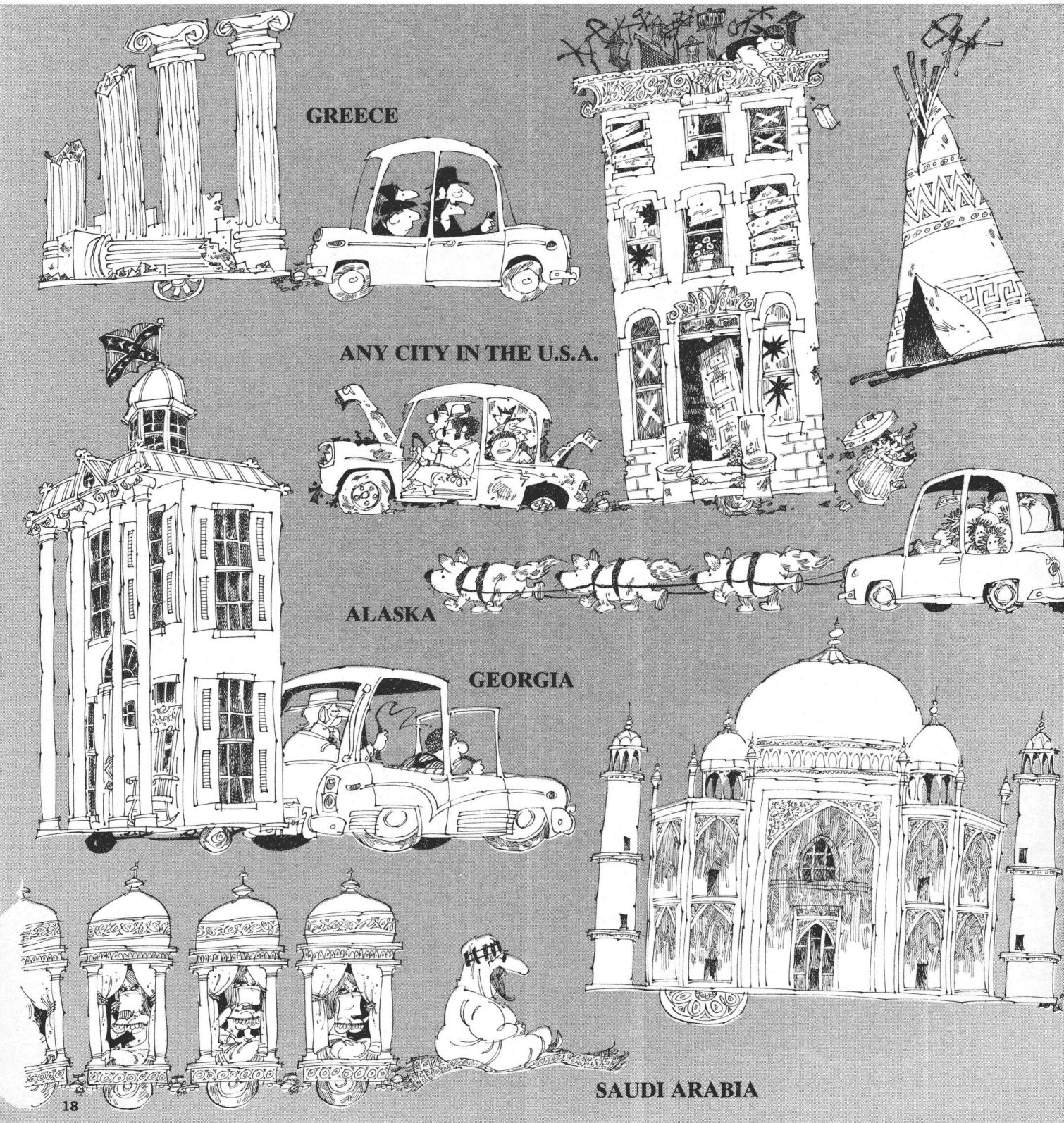
ROAM, SWEET HOME DEPT.

The Mobile Home craze is sweeping the world. But the trouble is, Mobile Homes

CUSTOMIZED M

...THAT REFLECT WHERE

ARTIST & WRITER:

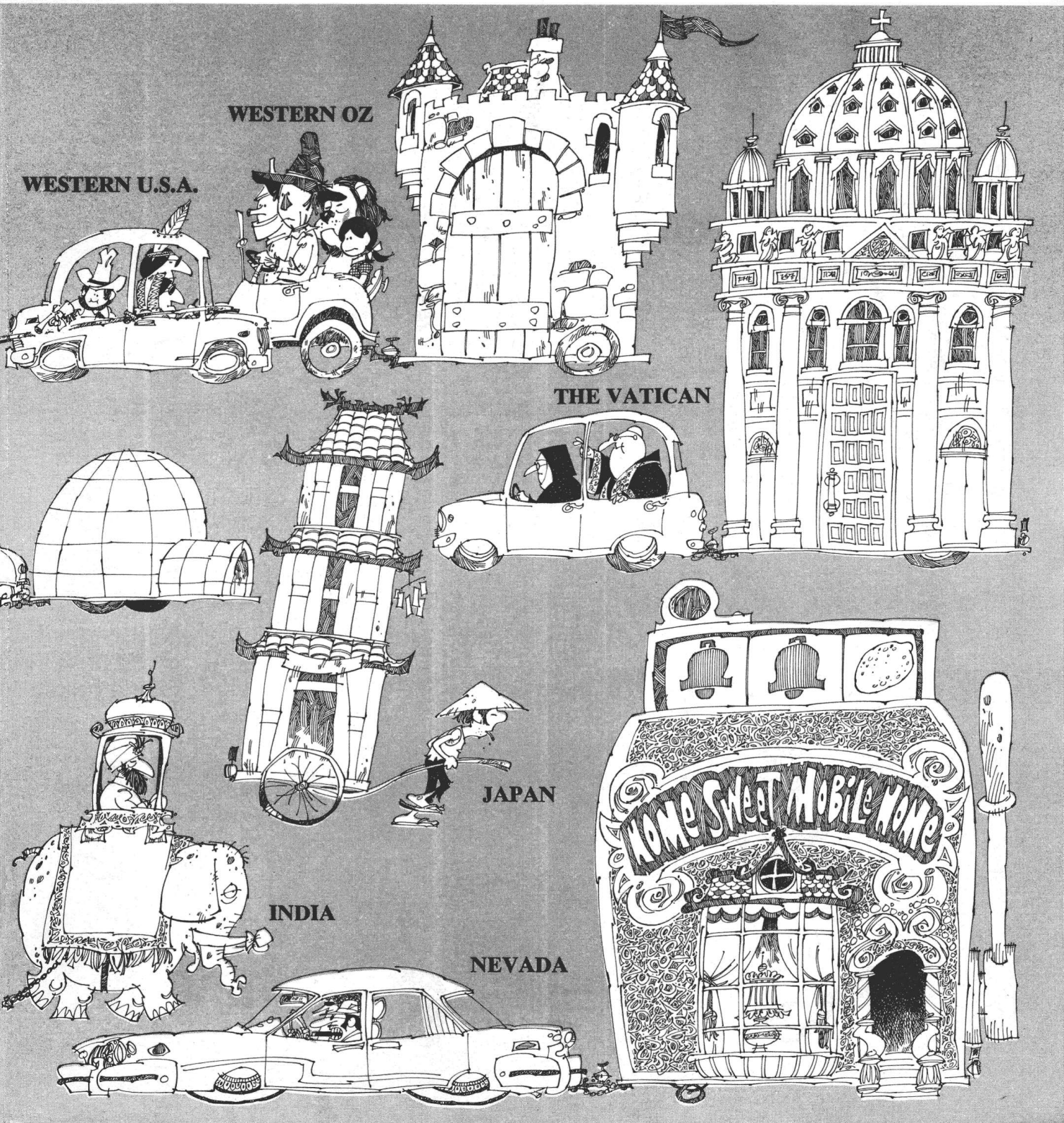


all look pretty much alike. They lack ethnic character. So why not design...

MOBILE HOMES

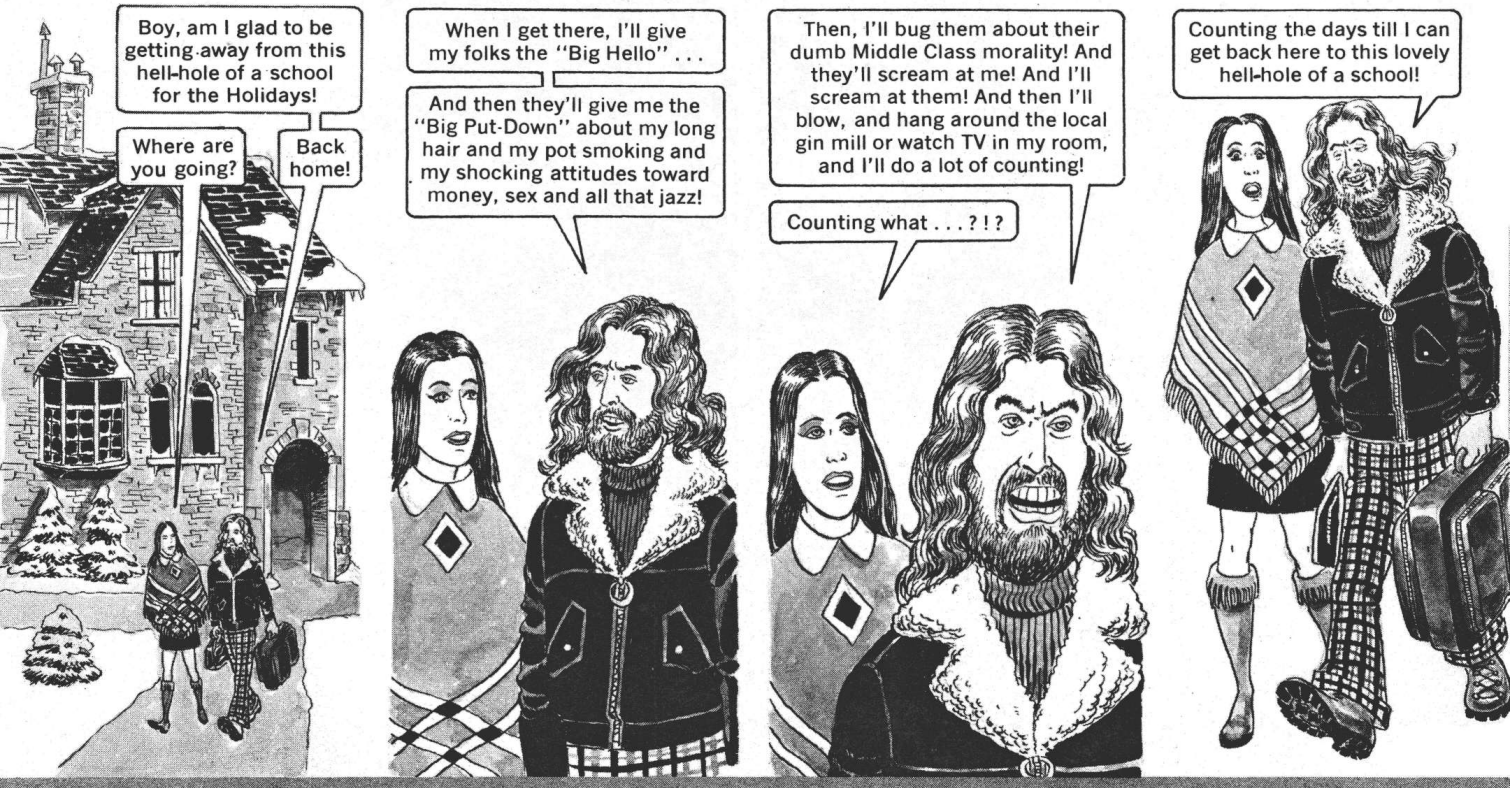
THEIR OWNERS ARE FROM

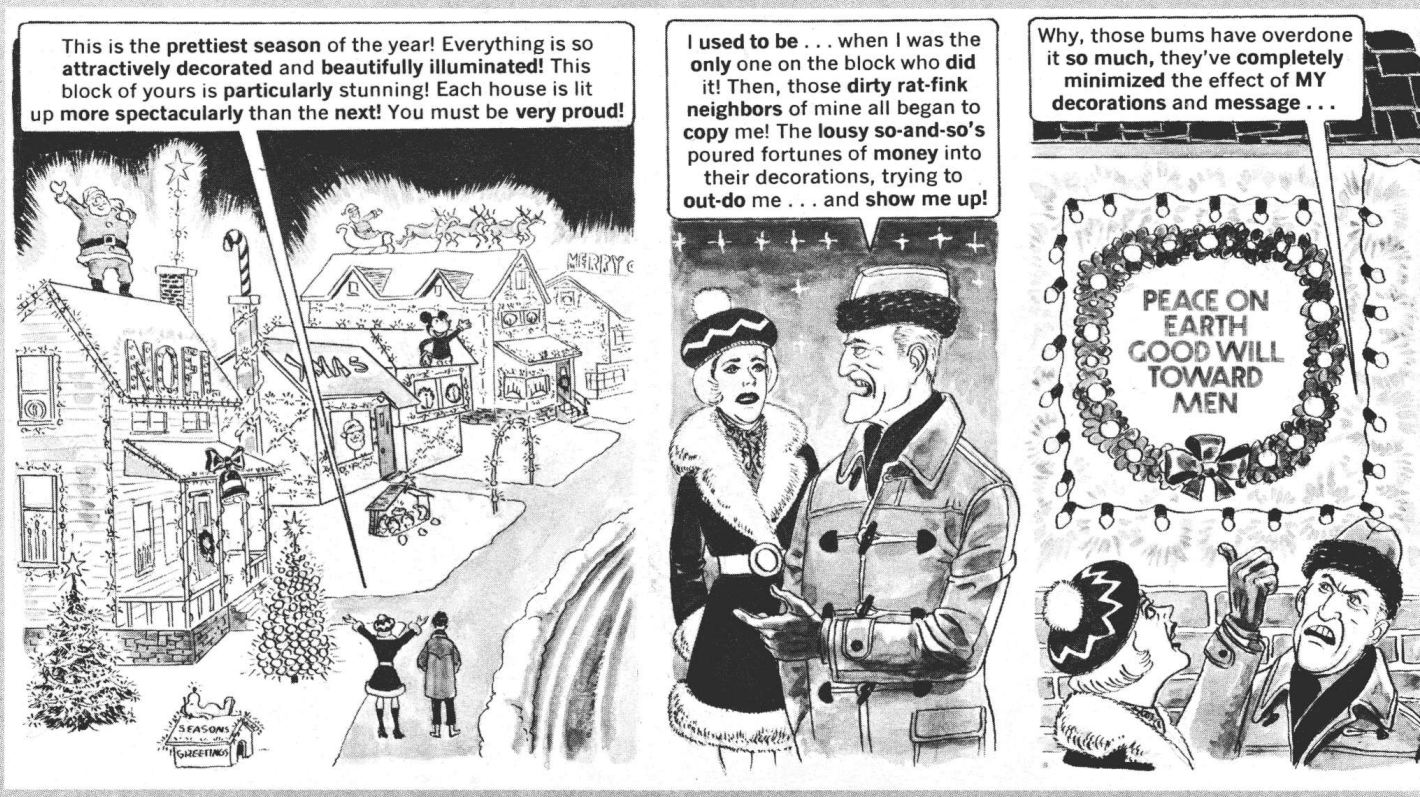
PAUL COKER, JR.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... THE HOLI



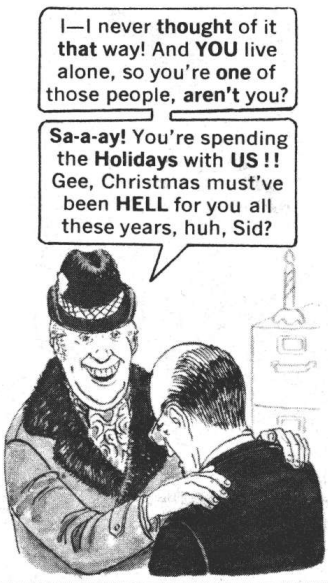


DAY SEASON

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!!

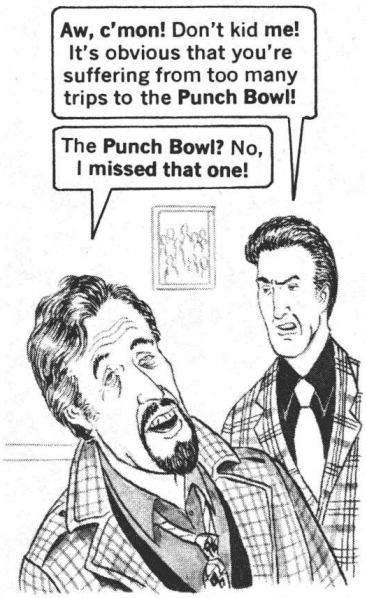
What do you mean, "Merry Christmas, Everybody!!"? Do you realize that for people who live alone, Christmas can be the saddest time of the year?

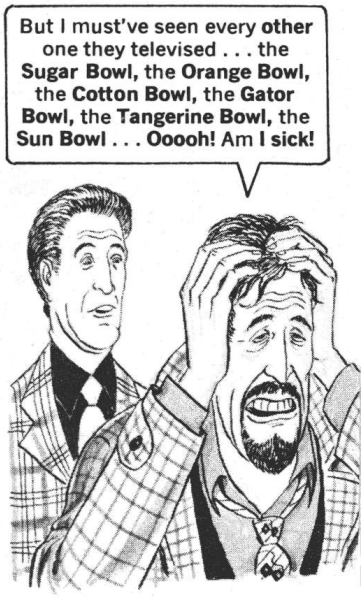

I—I never thought of it that way! And YOU live alone, so you're one of those people, aren't you?
Sa-a-ay! You're spending the Holidays with US !! Gee, Christmas must've been HELL for you all these years, huh, Sid?

Not since I started using this sob story, it hasn't!

Ooohh! Am I sick! My head is exploding! I'm making a New Year's resolution!! I will never . . . NEVER do what I did THIS New Year's again . . . EVER!!!

Boy, you look terrible! You must've really tied one on!
Sorry, but I don't drink!

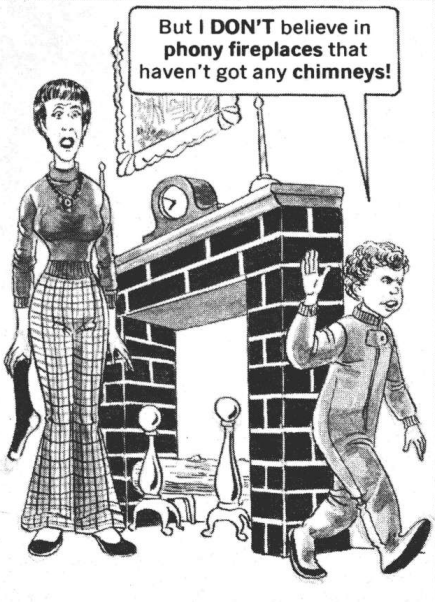

Aw, c'mon! Don't kid me! It's obvious that you're suffering from too many trips to the Punch Bowl!
The Punch Bowl? No, I missed that one!


But I must've seen every other one they televised . . . the Sugar Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Gator Bowl, the Tangerine Bowl, the Sun Bowl . . . Ooooh! Am I sick!

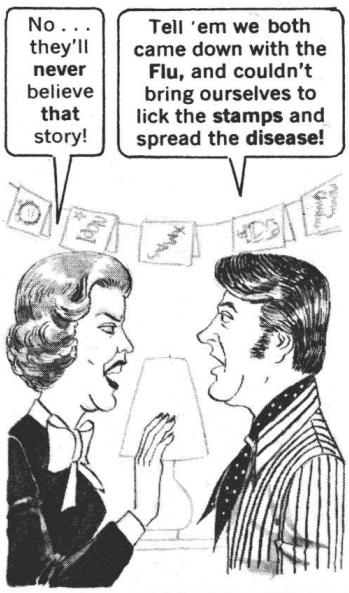
You hang your stocking up there on the fireplace . . . and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill it with toys and goodies!

BALONEY!
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN!

Don't you believe in Santa Claus?
Sure I do!

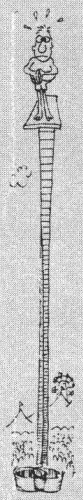

But I DON'T believe in phony fireplaces that haven't got any chimneys!

Do you realize that we didn't send out any **Christmas Cards** this year? And it's too late now! What will we ever tell our friends and relatives?
Tell 'em we broke our writing hands, **skiing!**


No . . . they'll **never** believe **that** story!
Tell 'em we both came down with the **Flu,** and couldn't bring ourselves to lick the **stamps** and spread the **disease!**

No . . . they'll **never** believe **that!**
Tell 'em we **sent out** the cards . . . but the lousy new **Postal System LOST them!**

THAT THEY'LL BELIEVE!

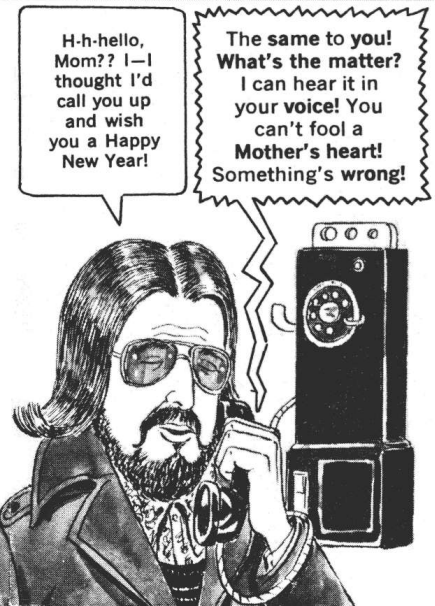


Gee, this is a **very expensive Christmas present** you're buying for your Dad!
Why not? He's a **great guy,** and he **deserves** the **best!**

There's **no Generation Gap** in **OUR** family! My Dad is **fantastic** with the **kids!** He **digs** the **whole scene!** He **works** like a **dog,** and he's a **great provider!**

Er . . . how do you plan to **pay** for this?
With my Dad's **Charge Plate!**

He **also** has a great **CREDIT RATING!!**

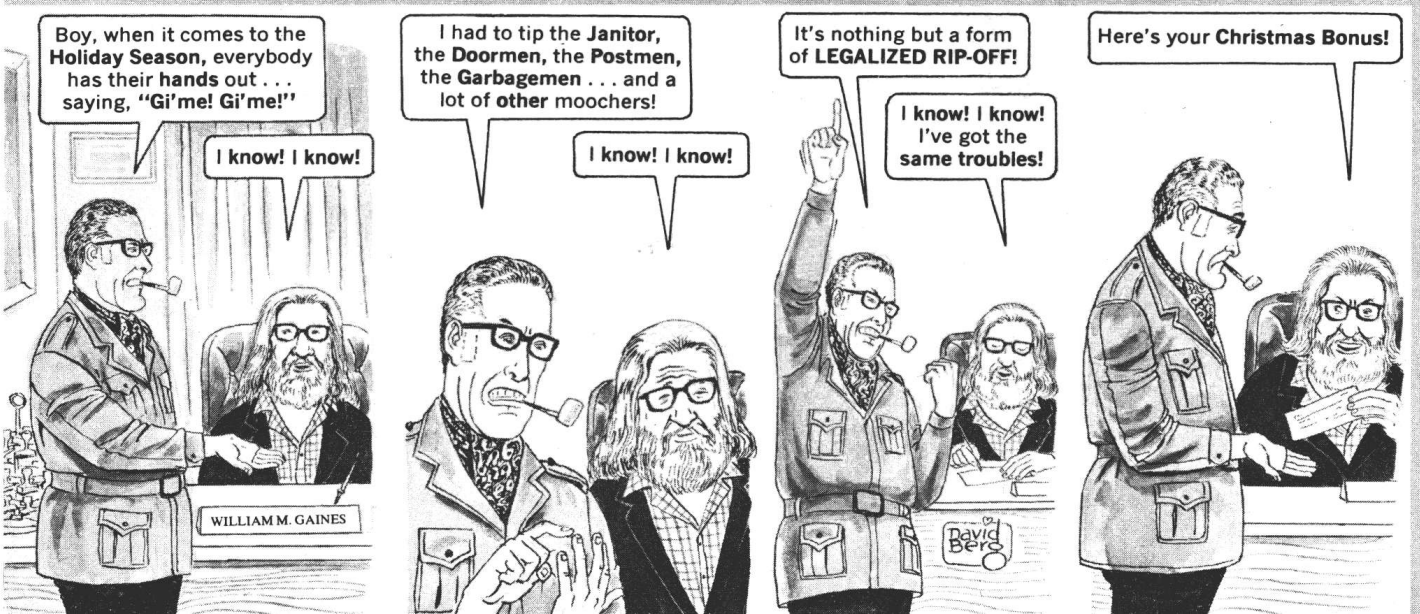

H-h-hello, Mom?? I—I thought I'd call you up and wish you a Happy New Year!
The **same** to **you! What's the matter?** I can hear it in your **voice!** You can't fool a **Mother's heart!** Something's **wrong!**

Nothing's wrong, Mom! It's just a **bummer** to be **alone** on New Year's Eve!
You **poor thing!** Where **are** you?

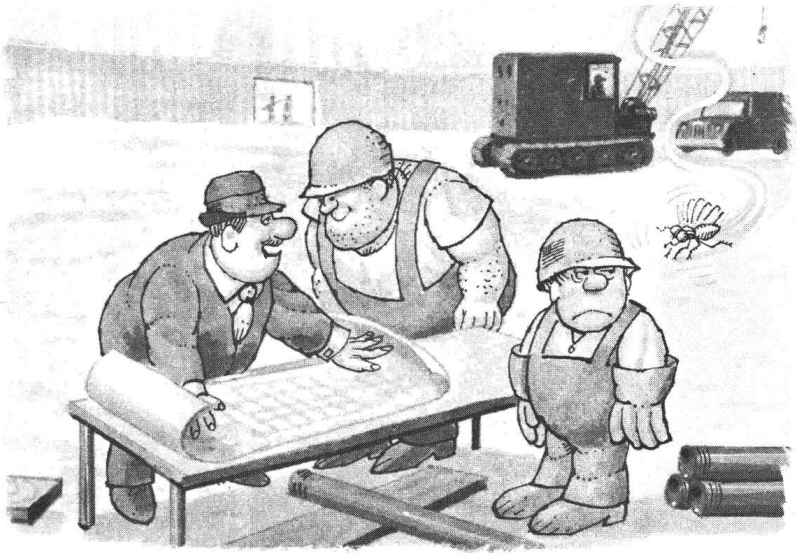
In a **phone booth** . . . on **Times Square** . . .
STATE
SEX
PORNO
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

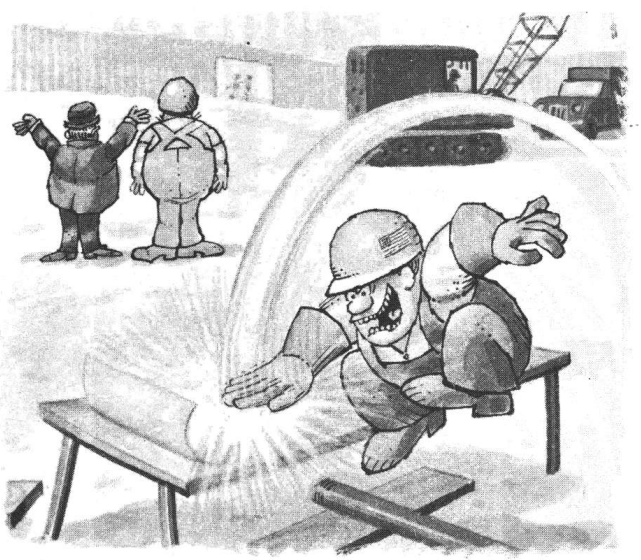
I want a plastic model toy of the **M-16 Rifle,** a model kit of an **"Honest John" Rocket Launcher,** and a model of a **B-52 Bomber!**
I also want a **Size 10** complete **Football Uniform** with **shoulder pads** and **helmet** and **shoes** and the **whole bit,** plus a complete **Baseball Uniform** with **glove!**
I'm sure your son will **enjoy** all these Christmas presents!
SON?! I'll have you know these things are all for my ten-year-old **DAUGHTER!!**
Haven't you ever heard of **WOMEN'S LIB . . . ?!?**

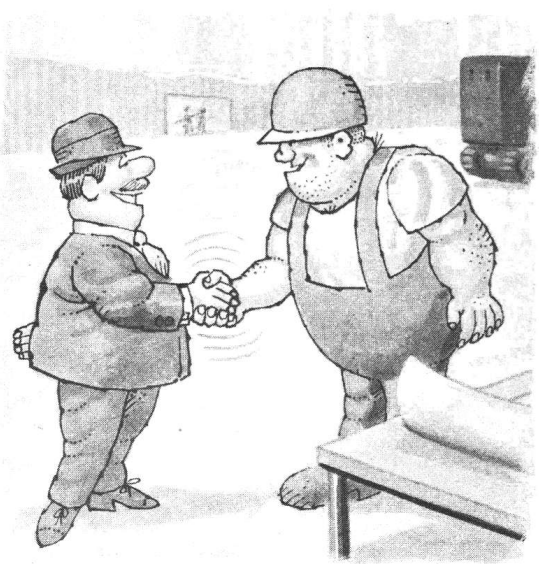
One Round-Trip Ticket to New York's **Kennedy Airport,** please!
Sorry! All flights are **booked solid!**
Merry Christmas
You gotta be **kidding!**
No, I'm **not!** Most reservations over Christmas are made **months in advance!**
But I'm—I'm **desperate!** I just **GOTTA** get home for the **Holidays!**
Oh, well, in **THAT** case, we can **help** you!
We still have some space available over **EASTER!!**

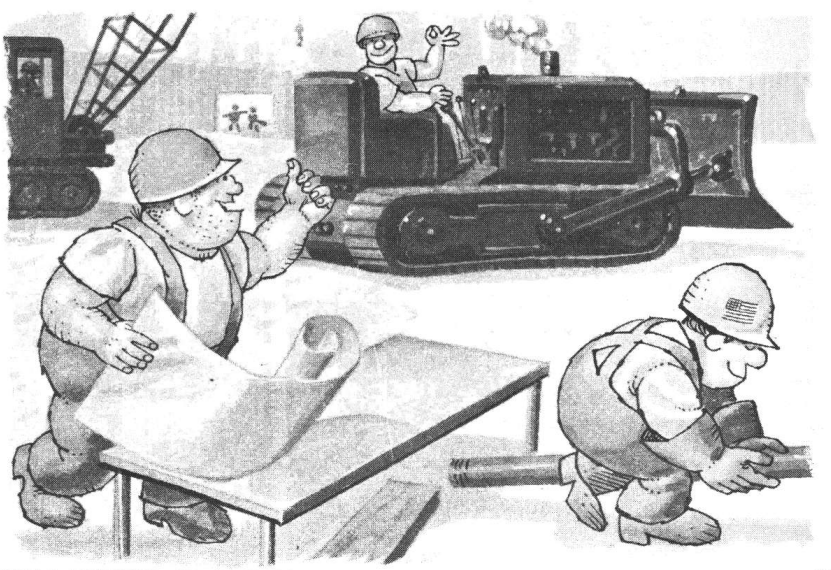

Boy, when it comes to the **Holiday Season,** everybody has their **hands** out . . . saying, **"Gi'me! Gi'me!"**
I know! I know!
WILLIAM M. GAINES
I had to tip the **Janitor,** the **Doormen,** the **Postmen,** the **Garbagemen** . . . and a lot of **other** moochers!
I know! I know!
It's nothing but a form of **LEGALIZED RIP-OFF!**
I know! I know! I've got the **same troubles!**
David Berg
Here's your **Christmas Bonus!**

AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH









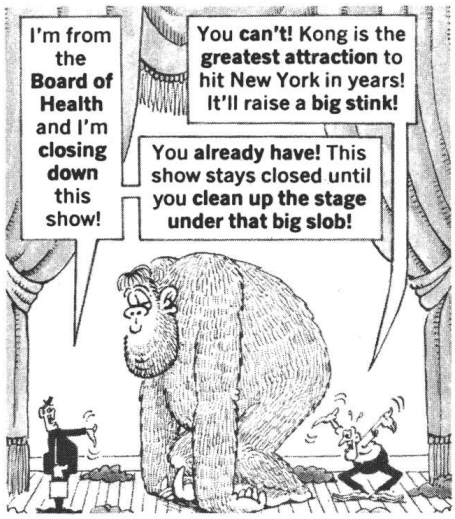
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

DRUGS
Fashions
GIFTS
JEWELRY
RESTAURANT
RESTAURANT
Béke
Jaffee

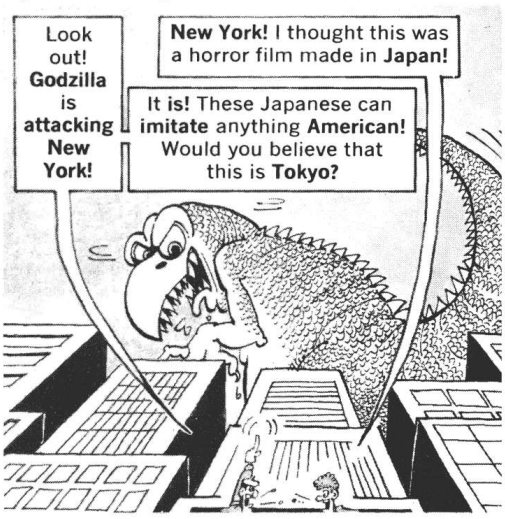
Monster movies have always been good box office when they reflected the emotional climate of their time.

When man was first learning to harness the wonders of applied science, man-made monsters were tops in popularity.

Then came the fad for overgrown species who matched the then-current emphasis on massiveness in buildings and in cities.



And with the advent of nuclear energy, horrendous new creatures were spawned by atomic explosions and radiation . . .

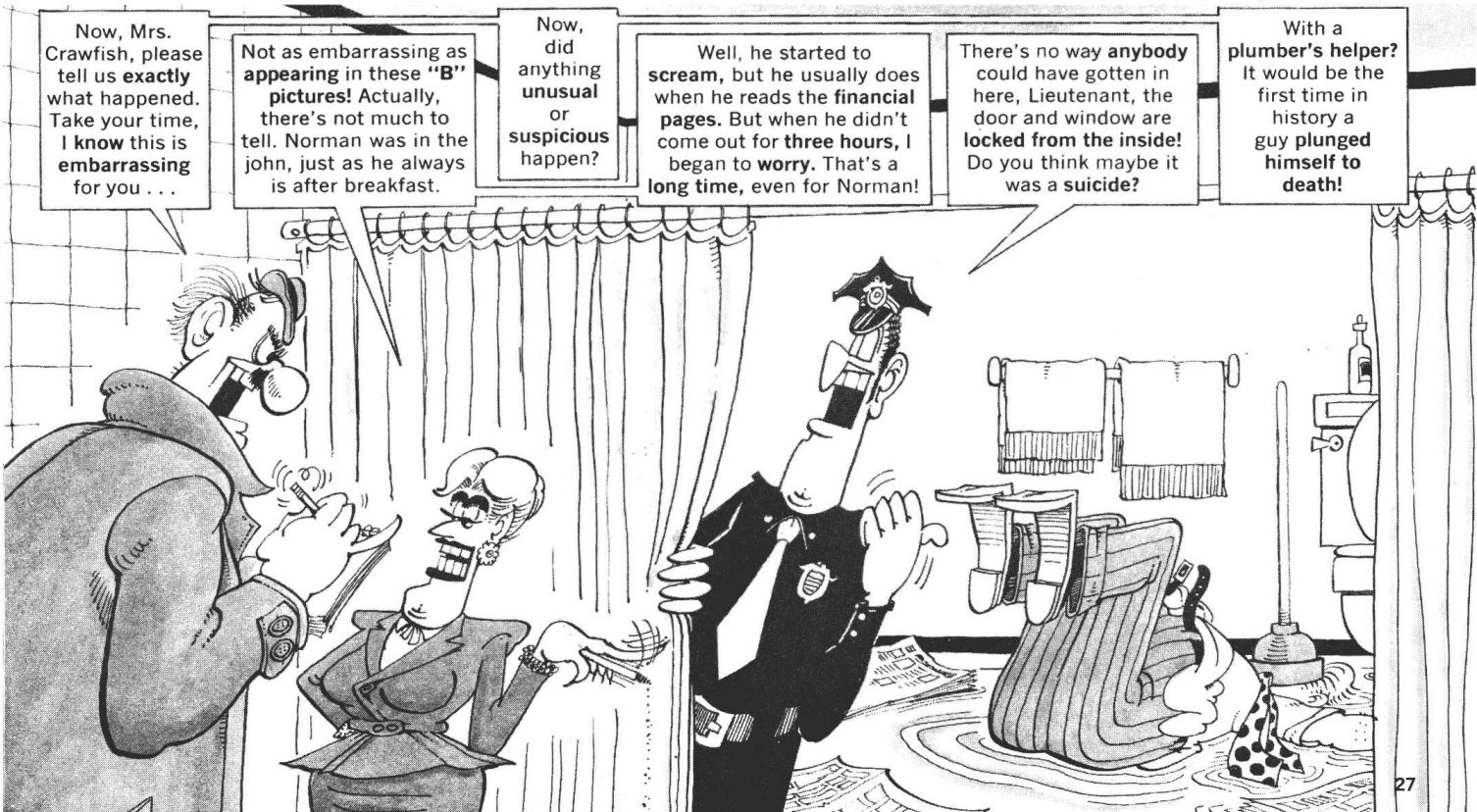


Now, with the world so concerned about ecology and the environment, the new wave horror films will go something like this . . .

YECCH

or "What a WASTE!"

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: DON MARTIN



What did your husband **do,** Mrs. Crawfish?

How should I know! You heard, the door was **locked!**

No. I mean for a **living!**

Oh, he was the **president** of the **Clean River Pulp Mill.**

Hmmm, I'm beginning to see a **"bathroom" pattern** here!

Yes, isn't it **pretty?** It's an **original Fucci!** My **decorator—**

Not on the **wall,** Mrs. Crawfish! I mean a **criminal "bathroom" pattern.** Your husband is the **4th prominent industrialist** found **dead** in his bathroom. Don't you find that **strange?** No, this is **no mere coincidence!** This is the work of someone aware of the fact that **each** of these men has been accused of being a **major polluter!**

Oh, you mean like a **deranged ecologist?**

Are there any **other kind?** Imagine, those idiots want to **ban** no-return bottles!

C'mon, we're going to pay a visit to the **Earth and Sewer Science Dept.** at the University. They ought to be able to help us with the **ecology nuts.**

Sorry, we were looking for Doctor Commode's office!

I'm Dr. Commode, and you've **found it!** The furnishings are **early American bathroom.** I guess you might say I'm a **toilet freak.** Come in, pull up a seat and sit down!

I'm **Lieutenant Koomsh** and this is **Patrolman Saunders.**

Oh, you can call me **John!**

Ah, such a **delightful name!**

Doctor, I'm sure you heard about the four industrialists who were found **dead** in their **bathrooms.**

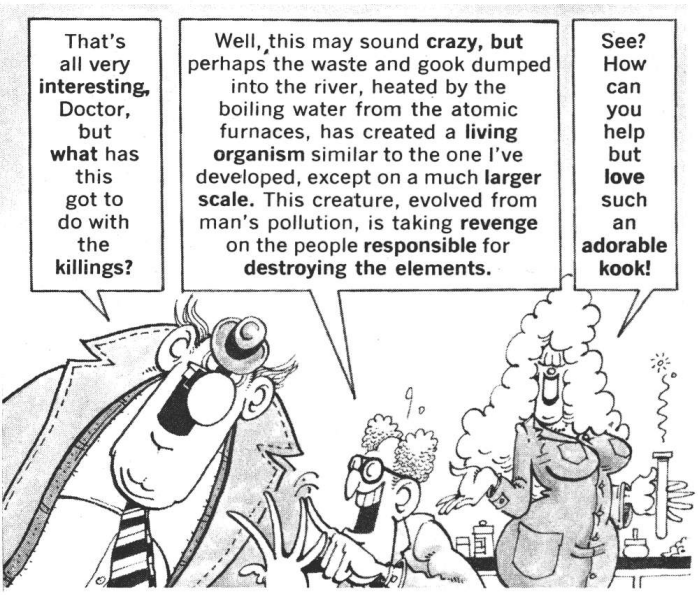
Oh, boy! **What a way to go!**

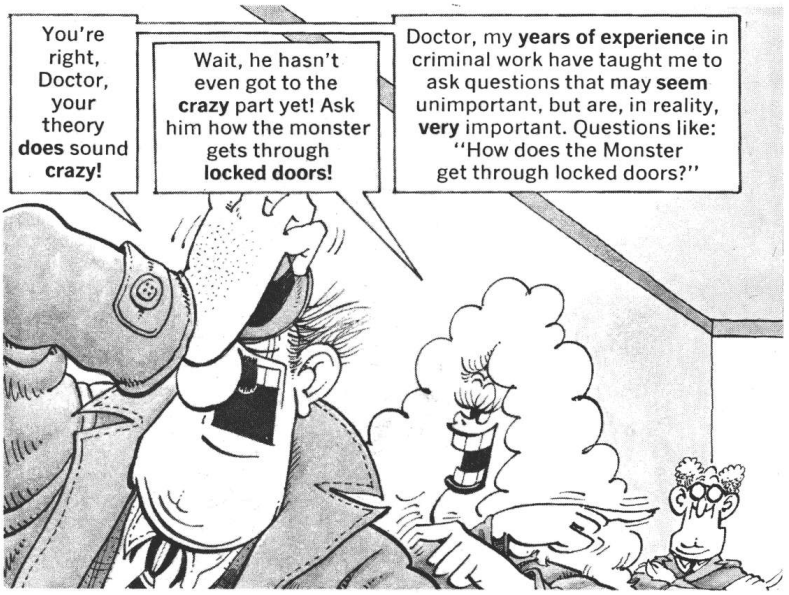
Since **all** those men were allegedly involved in **pollution,** we have reason to believe that maybe the killings are the work of an **ecology crank.** We thought maybe **you** could help us **flush** him out!

When it comes to **flushing,** I'm **your man!** Especially since I may have an **idea** about this bizarre case. You see, my **assistant,** Miss Silicone, and I have been conducting some **experiments . . .**

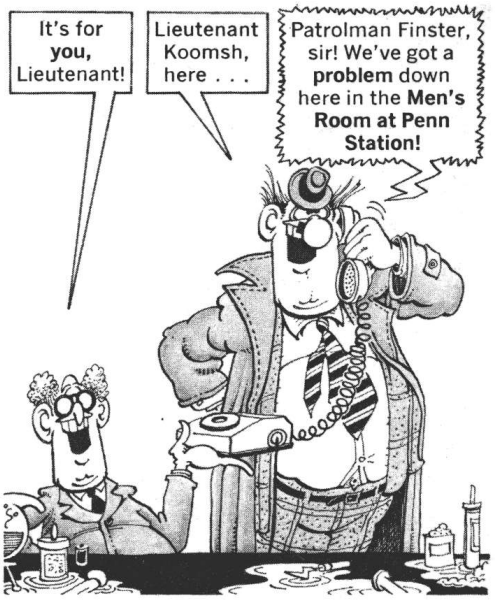
Oh, you mean that **yecchy stuff** in the test tubes?

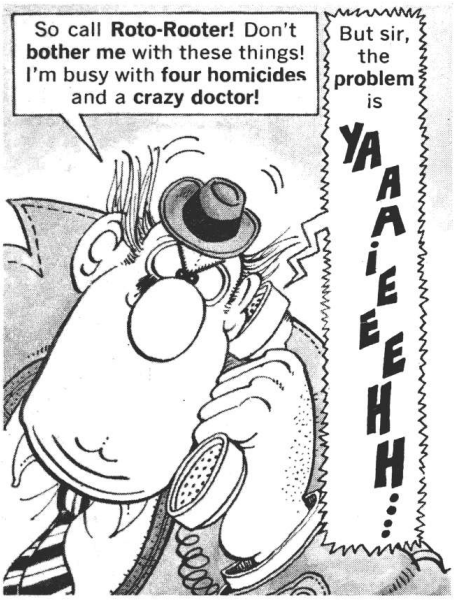
Precisely! By simulating the **slop** dumped into the river and exposing it to **ultra high heat,** I've created a **living cell** which I call the **Yecch Factor.**

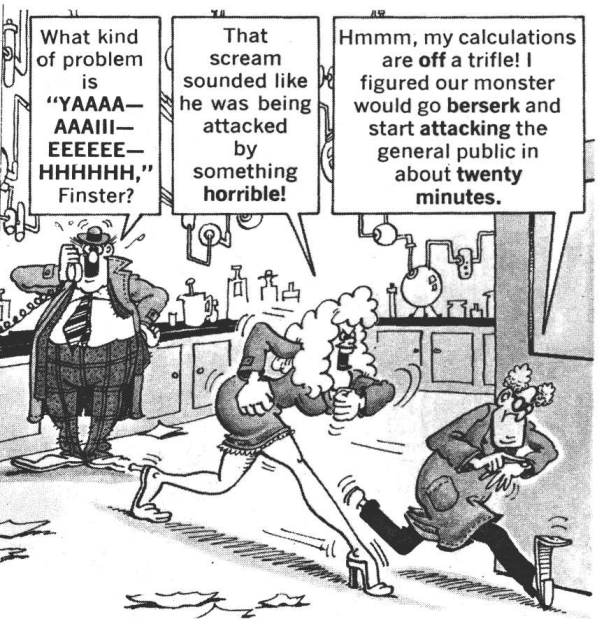

That's all very **interesting,** Doctor, but **what** has this got to do with the **killings?**
Well, this may sound **crazy, but** perhaps the waste and gook dumped into the river, heated by the boiling water from the atomic furnaces, has created a **living organism** similar to the one I've developed, except on a much **larger scale.** This creature, evolved from man's pollution, is taking **revenge** on the people **responsible** for **destroying the elements.**
See? How can you help but **love** such an **adorable kook!**


You're right, Doctor, your theory **does** sound **crazy!**
Wait, he hasn't even got to the **crazy** part yet! Ask him how the monster gets through **locked doors!**
Doctor, my **years of experience** in criminal work have taught me to ask questions that may **seem** unimportant, but are, in reality, **very** important. Questions like: "How does the Monster get through locked doors?"

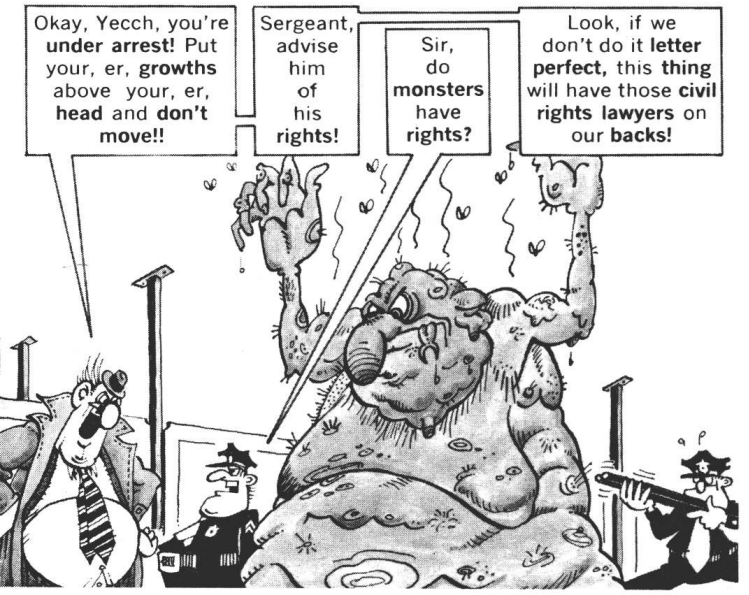
This is the **crazy** part
He **enters** and **leaves** through the **john!**
Hmmm, **that** could explain it.
BRING

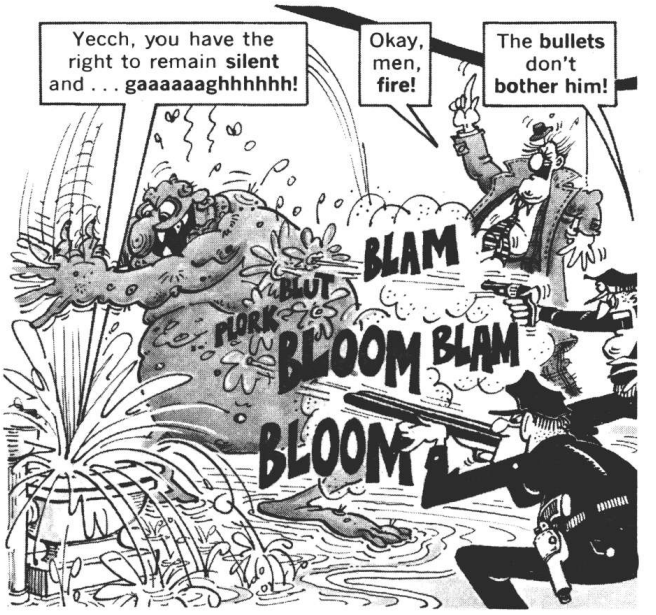

It's for **you,** Lieutenant!
Lieutenant Koomsh, here . . .
Patrolman Finster, sir! We've got a **problem** down here in the **Men's Room at Penn Station!**


So call **Roto-Rooter!** Don't **bother me** with these things! I'm busy with **four homicides** and a **crazy doctor!**
But sir, the **problem** is
YAAAIEEEHH!


What kind of problem is **"YAAAA—AAAIII—EEEEEE—HHHHHH,"** Finster?
That scream sounded like he was being attacked by something **horrible!**
Hmmm, my calculations are **off** a trifle! I figured our monster would go **berserk** and start **attacking** the general public in about **twenty minutes.**

What's going **on** around here, officer?
There's a **horrible monster** running **amok** in the Men's Room, sir!
You sure it's not one of those **Women's Lib dames** demanding **equal rights** or something?
Good Lord, look at that **disgusting beast!**
It's a **Yecch** all right!


Okay, Yecch, you're **under arrest!** Put your, er, **growths** above your, er, **head** and **don't move!!**
Sergeant, advise him of his **rights!**
Sir, do **monsters** have **rights?**
Look, if we don't do it **letter perfect,** this **thing** will have those **civil rights lawyers** on our **backs!**

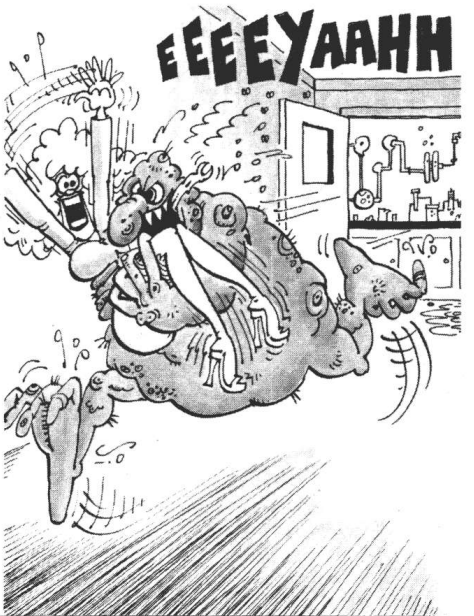

Yecch, you have the right to remain **silent** and . . . **gaaaaaaghhhhhh!**
Okay, men, **fire!**
The **bullets** don't **bother him!**
BLAM
BLUT
FLORK
BLOOM
BLAM
BLOOM

He's **escaping!** After him!
Like, **how?**

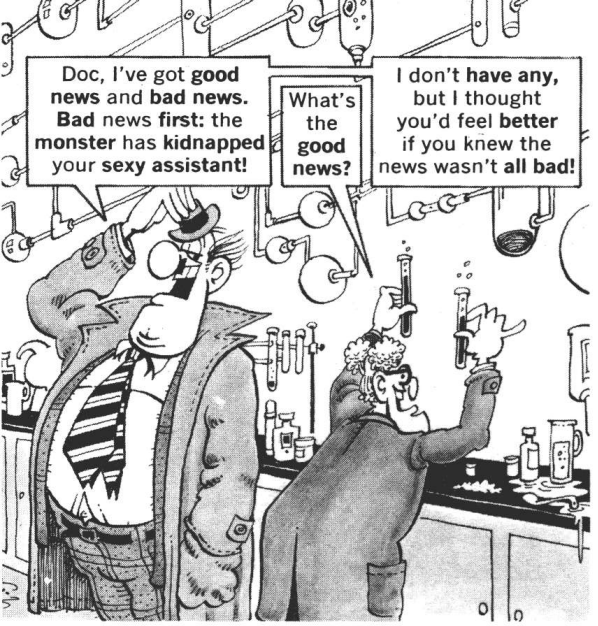
DAILY
YECCH STRIKES AGAIN!
BATHROOM KILLER TERRORIZES CITY
POLICE PLUNGE DEEPER INTO MYSTERY

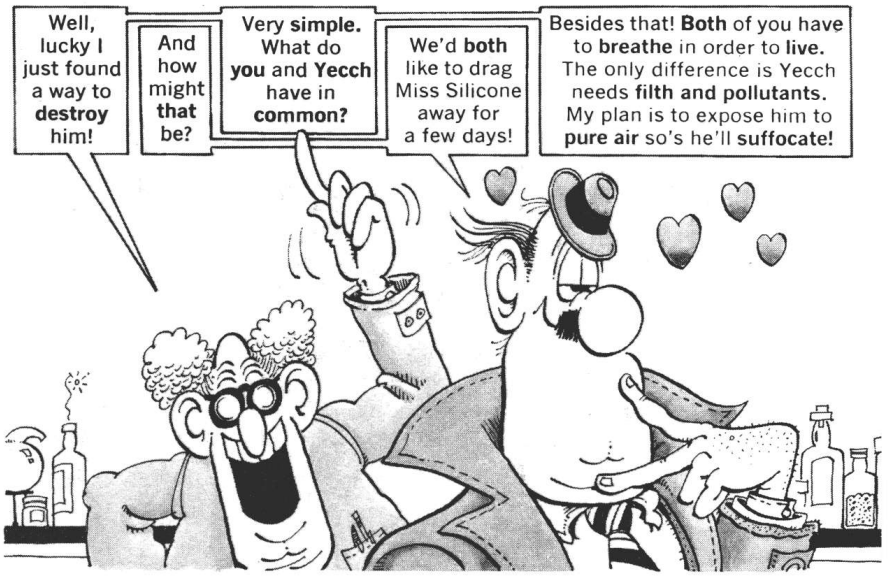
Did you see this **morning's papers?** The public is **demanding** that we **do something.** They're **afraid** to go to the **bathroom!**
Imagine those **poor tourists** returning from **Mexico.** They **really** have **problems!**

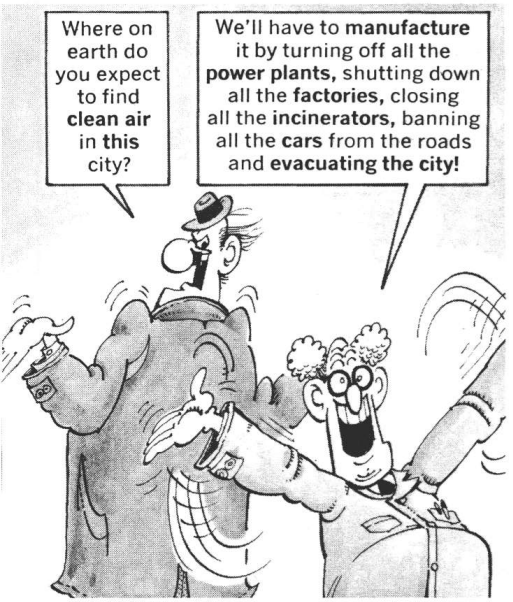
Is that **you,** Woodrow? **I know** you don't **believe** in **spray cans,** but I think you should try a **deodorant** because . . .

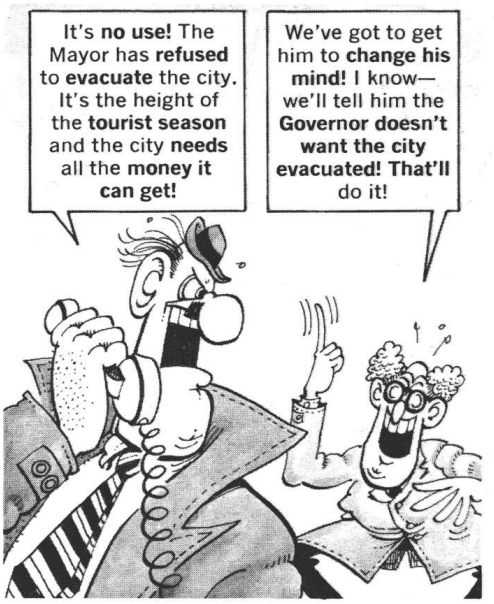

EEEYAAHH

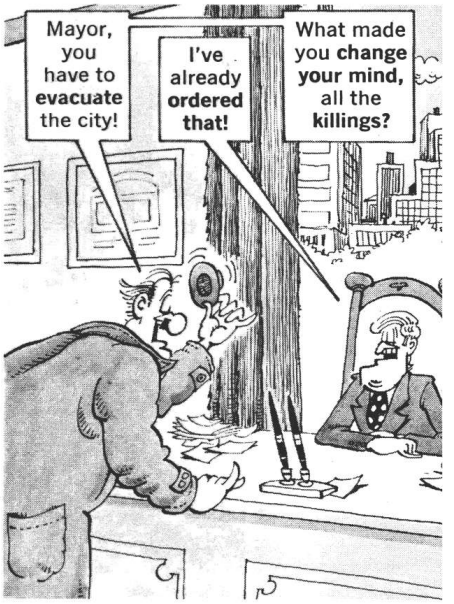
Lieutenant, Sir, Yecch has just **kidnapped Myra Silicone!**
That figures! **New** Monsters, **old** monsters, they **always go for** the **voluptuous leading lady!**

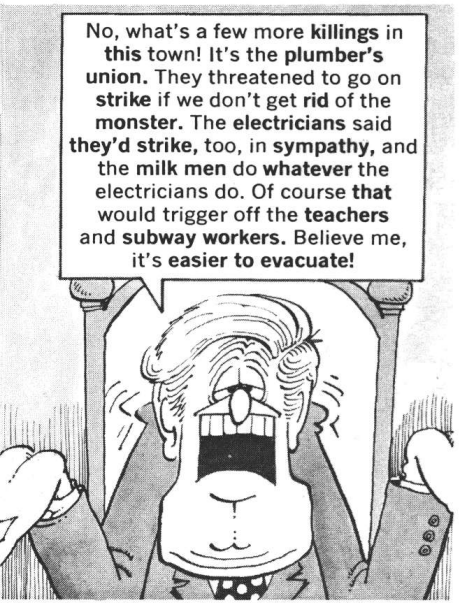

Doc, I've got **good news** and **bad news. Bad** news **first:** the **monster** has **kidnapped** your **sexy assistant!**
What's the **good news?**
I don't **have any,** but I thought you'd feel **better** if you knew the news wasn't **all bad!**


Well, lucky I just found a way to **destroy** him!
And how might **that** be?
Very **simple.** What do **you** and **Yecch** have in **common?**
We'd **both** like to drag Miss Silicone away for a few days!
Besides that! **Both** of you have to **breathe** in order to **live.** The only difference is Yecch needs **filth and pollutants.** My plan is to expose him to **pure air** so's he'll **suffocate!**

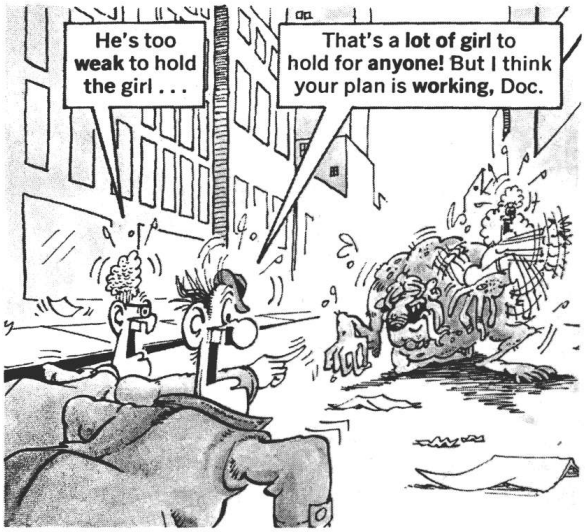

Where on earth do you expect to find **clean air** in **this** city?
We'll have to **manufacture** it by turning off all the **power plants,** shutting down all the **factories,** closing all the **incinerators,** banning all the **cars** from the roads and **evacuating the city!**


It's **no use!** The Mayor has **refused** to **evacuate** the city. It's the height of the **tourist season** and the city **needs** all the **money it can get!**
We've got to get him to **change his mind!** I know—we'll tell him the **Governor doesn't want the city evacuated! That'll** do it!


Mayor, you have to **evacuate** the city!
I've already **ordered that!**
What made you **change your mind,** all the **killings?**

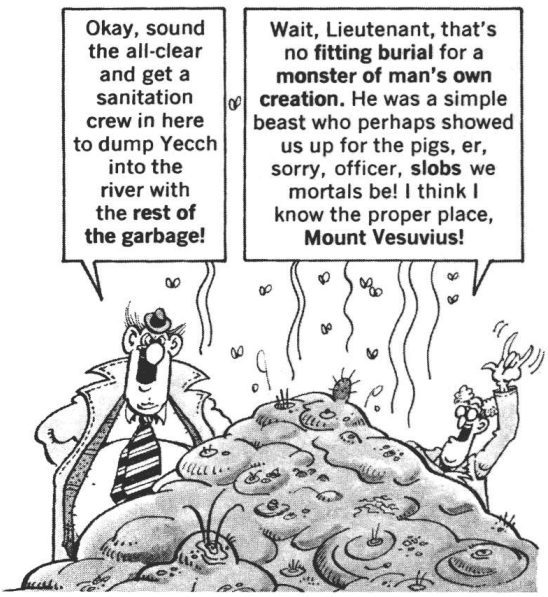

No, what's a few more **killings** in **this** town! It's the **plumber's union.** They threatened to go on **strike** if we don't get **rid** of the **monster.** The **electricians** said **they'd strike,** too, in **sympathy,** and the **milk men** do **whatever** the electricians do. Of course **that** would trigger off the **teachers** and **subway workers.** Believe me, it's **easier to evacuate!**

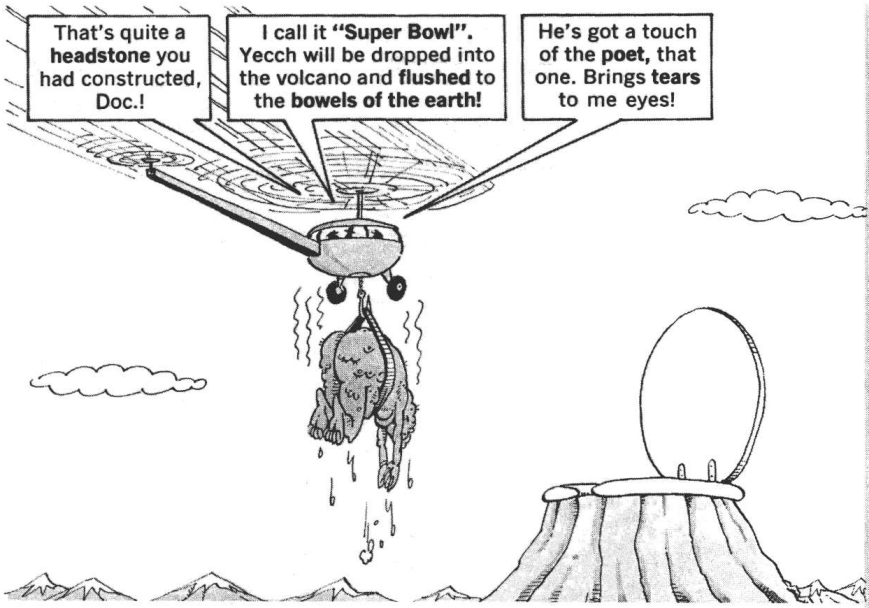
Lieutenant, we've just completed evacuation. **Good Lord,** look at **that!**
What? Is it a **monster?**
No, it's the **sky!**
Wow! It's really **blue,** just like in the old **postcards!**
Look, here comes **Yecch!**


He's too **weak** to hold the girl . . .
That's a **lot of girl** to hold for **anyone!** But I think your plan is **working,** Doc.

Ooo, Woody, it was **awful!** He wanted me to **live in the Sewer** with him!
He's **dead.** The **clean air killed him!**

No, 'twas **ecology** killed the beast!

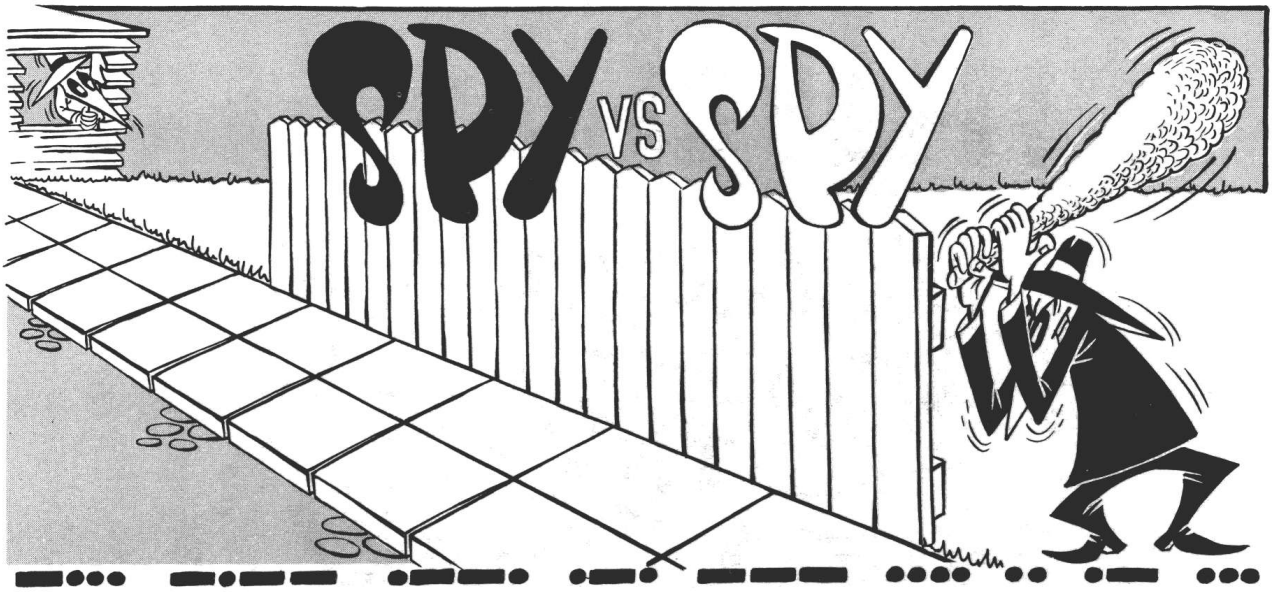

Okay, sound the all-clear and get a sanitation crew in here to dump Yecch into the river with the **rest of the garbage!**
Wait, Lieutenant, that's no **fitting burial** for a **monster of man's own creation.** He was a simple beast who perhaps showed us up for the pigs, er, sorry, officer, **slobs** we mortals be! I think I know the proper place, **Mount Vesuvius!**

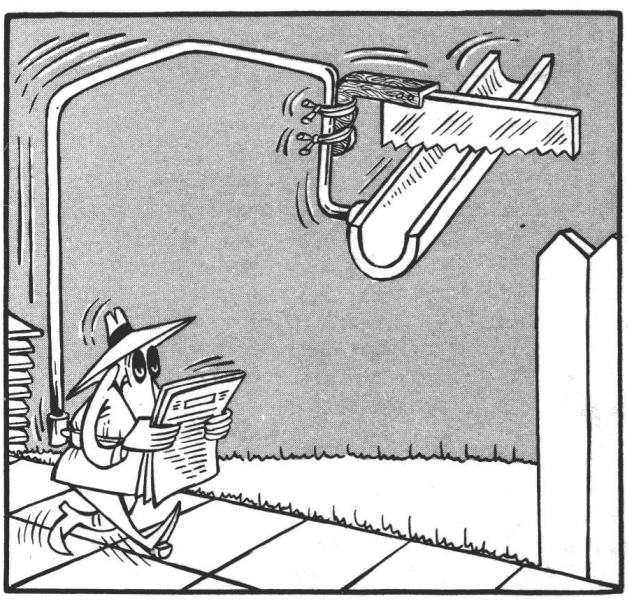

That's quite a **headstone** you had constructed, Doc.!
I call it **"Super Bowl".** Yecch will be dropped into the volcano and **flushed** to the **bowels of the earth!**
He's got a touch of the **poet,** that one. Brings **tears** to me eyes!

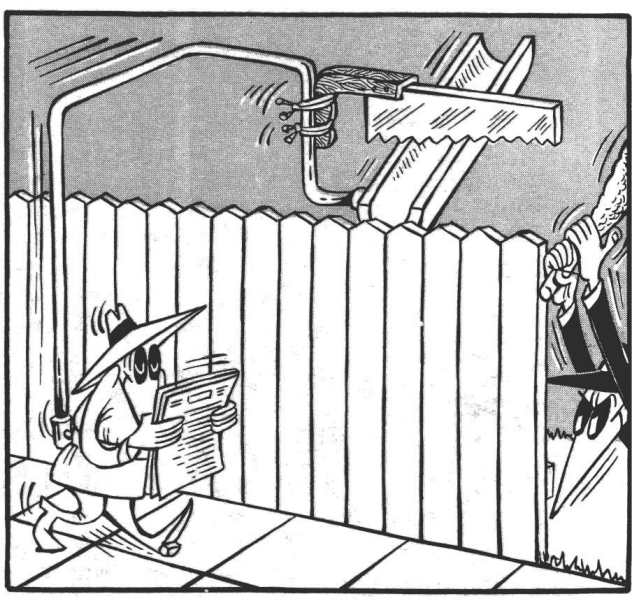
FURSHGLURK

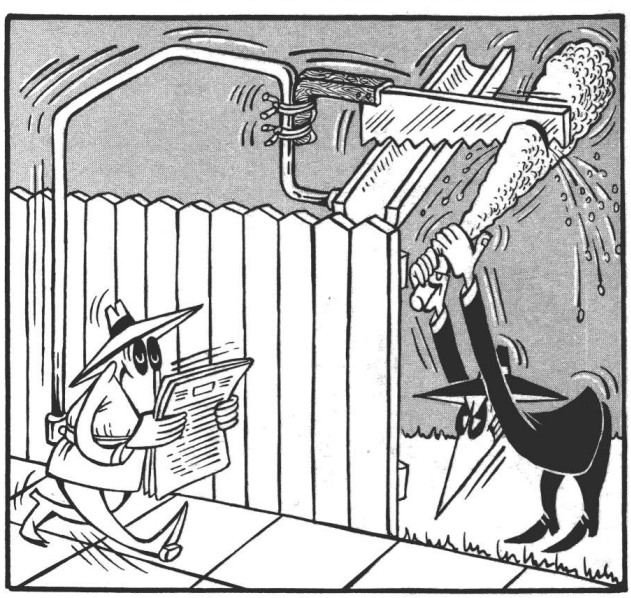
Ah, we're **back home.** I'll kinda **miss** that **one day of blue skies,** but it's good to see the city back to **normal.** Chimneys puffin', cars stuck in traffic, people wheezing and coughing, and no **more pollution monster,** right, Doc.?
I wonder, Lieutenant, yes, I wonder . . .
OONK OONK
BLEEP
AAAK AAK
AAHT AAHHT
BLOOOOT
D. MARTIN

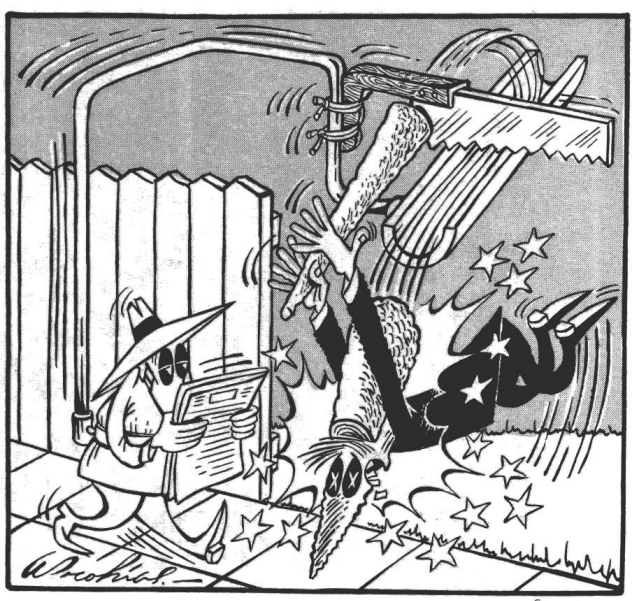
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

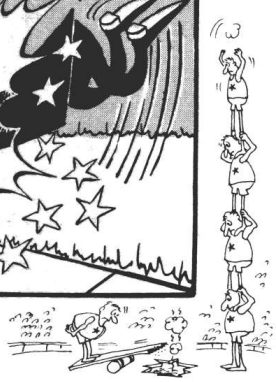












HOLIDAY JEER DEPT.

MAD'S 1973 CH

As Christmas rolls around again
and New Year's Eve is nigh,
We offer up this rondelay
to those we glorify;
Despite the fact that Santa Claus
prepares a lengthy list,
Herewith are gift suggestions
for some folks he may have missed:

For Richard Nixon and his mate
A weekend at the Watergate,
And should they weary of the scene,
We'll toss in Mitchell, Hunt and Dean;
We're stripping Mickey Rooney down
To pose for Helen Gurley Brown—
He'll be the perfect choice in case
Her magazine is tight on space;
Let's send a vocal coach or two
To Gifford and to Dandyroo,
And then let's buy and giftwrap well
A Midas Muffler for Cosell.

We'll rip off someone's souped-up Honda,
As a present for Jane Fonda,
Hoping that it won't be lacking
Noise to drown her endless yakking;
Next upon our Yuletide list
Is Steinem, big-shot feminist;
We think we've found a gift that fits—
A set of towels, marked "Hers" and "Its;"
To swimmer Spitz we next bequeath
A set of drills for pulling teeth—
He can't do worse in dentistry
Than what he's doing on TV.

We'll send Charles Schulz an armored car
Or maybe one huge cookie jar
To hold the cash he's pulling down
From merchandising Charlie Brown;
We've found a gift that's really keen
For Linda Lovelace, porno queen—
She'll be surprised come Christmas Day
When she gets 20 guys—all gay;
For Liz and Dick, that split-up pair,
We've got a gift that both can share—
We're taping them a serenade
Of records Eddie Fisher made.

RISTMAS POEM

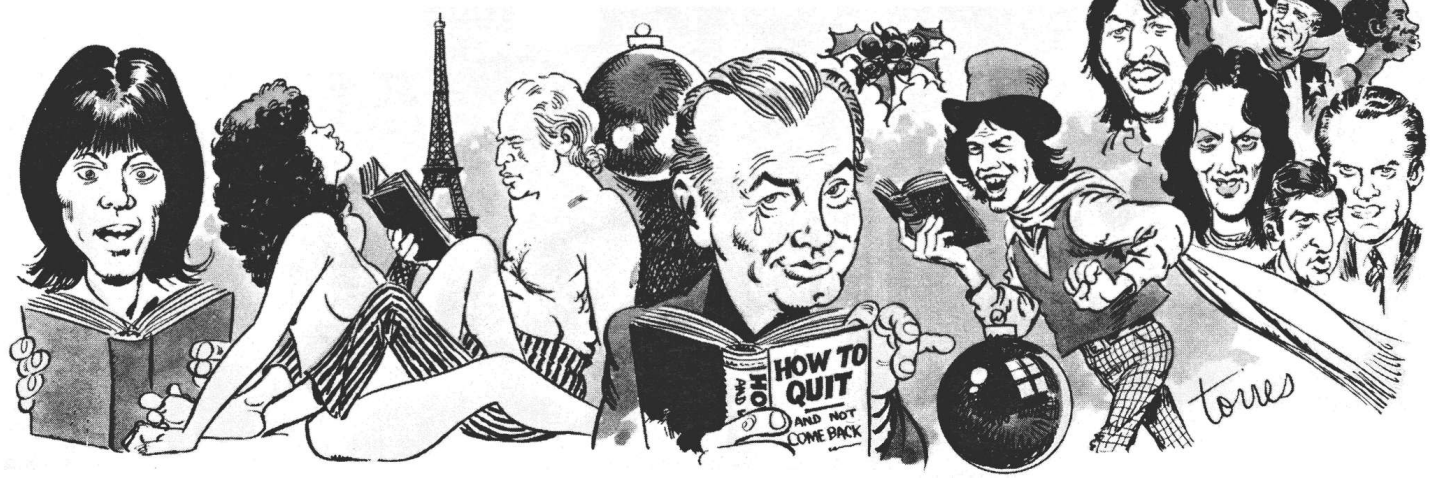
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Let's send our friends, the Japanese,
A million RCA TVs—
They'll be so happy to have found
That *they've* become a dumping ground;
And how about a tasty knish
Or maybe some gefilte fish
To make a proper year-end feast
For Arabs in the Middle East;
Economists in Washington
Should find a trip to Europe's fun—
When they return, we'll ask each gent
How far their U.S. dollars went.

Good books, of course, are very nice
And many offer good advice;
We've one for David Cassidy
Called "How To Get Through Puberty;"
For Brando we've a tome unique
Called "How To Hide An Old Physique;"
A book for Paar sits in our stack,
Called "How To Quit—And Not Come Back;"
There's still one book we have to find
To give Mick Jagger peace of mind—
We thought that it might do him good
To read "The Joys of Fatherhood."

Because we've got a Vietnam peace,
Bob Hope's announced his trips will cease;
In hopes he'll entertain once more,
We're giving him a brand-new war;
We've picked a gift to show we're fond
Of Roger Moore, the new James Bond—
The next 12 months he's getting free
Instruction from Sean Connery;
And let's remember Johnny Cash,
Whose ev'ry record is a smash—
We're sending him this holiday
A year's supply of nasal spray.

We've left out many folks, we fear,
Like Ringo Starr and Germaine Greer,
Kareem Jabbar and Al Pacino,
Billy Graham and Lee Trevino,
Spiro Agnew, Robert Young,
The Prince of Wales and Mao tse-Tung,
John Chancellor and Monty Hall,
The Boston Pops and Lucille Ball,
John Wayne, Bill Cosby, Howard Hughes,
And countless others in the news;
To those we've skipped, be of good cheer—
We'll get to you another year.



WISE GUIDE DEPT.

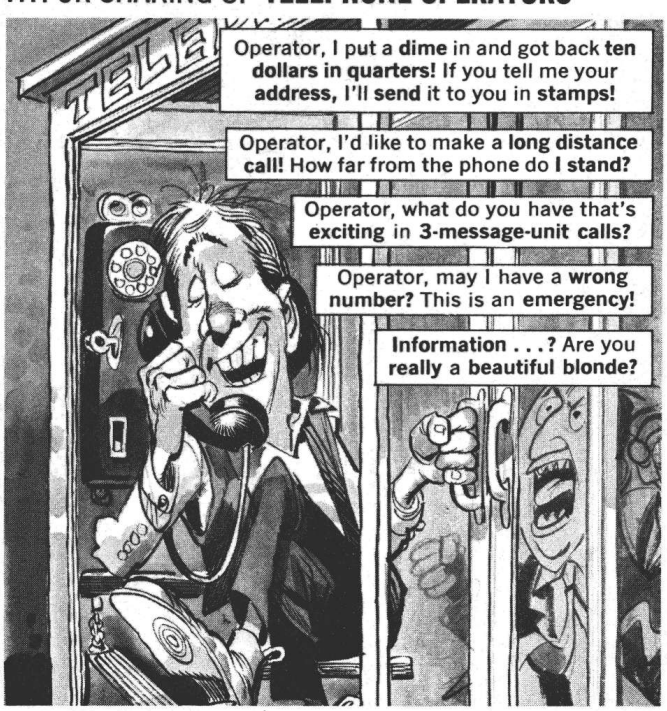
MAD has come up with a device to shake up those indifferent and incompetent people you too often find yourselves at the mercy of. It's called a "Rattler". A Rattler is not something you use on the Innocent, but rather as a Defensive Weapon on people who intimidate you: the surly cab driver, the wise-guy waiter, the nasty sales clerk . . . anyone who has developed an inverted snobbery about his work and views anyone less expert as an inferior. If you run into such a person, why not try out some of these . . .

MAD R

. . . FOR SHAKING UP **WAITERS AND WAITRESSES**

. . . FOR SHAKING UP **BARBERS**

. . . FOR SHAKING UP **TELEPHONE OPERATORS**

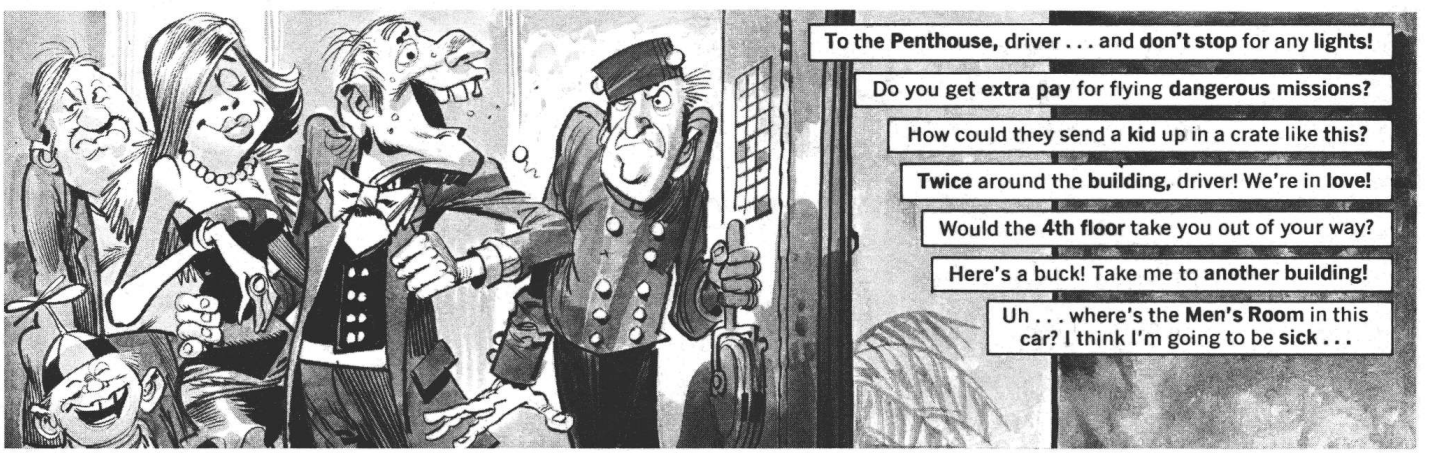


ATTLER'S

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY GORE

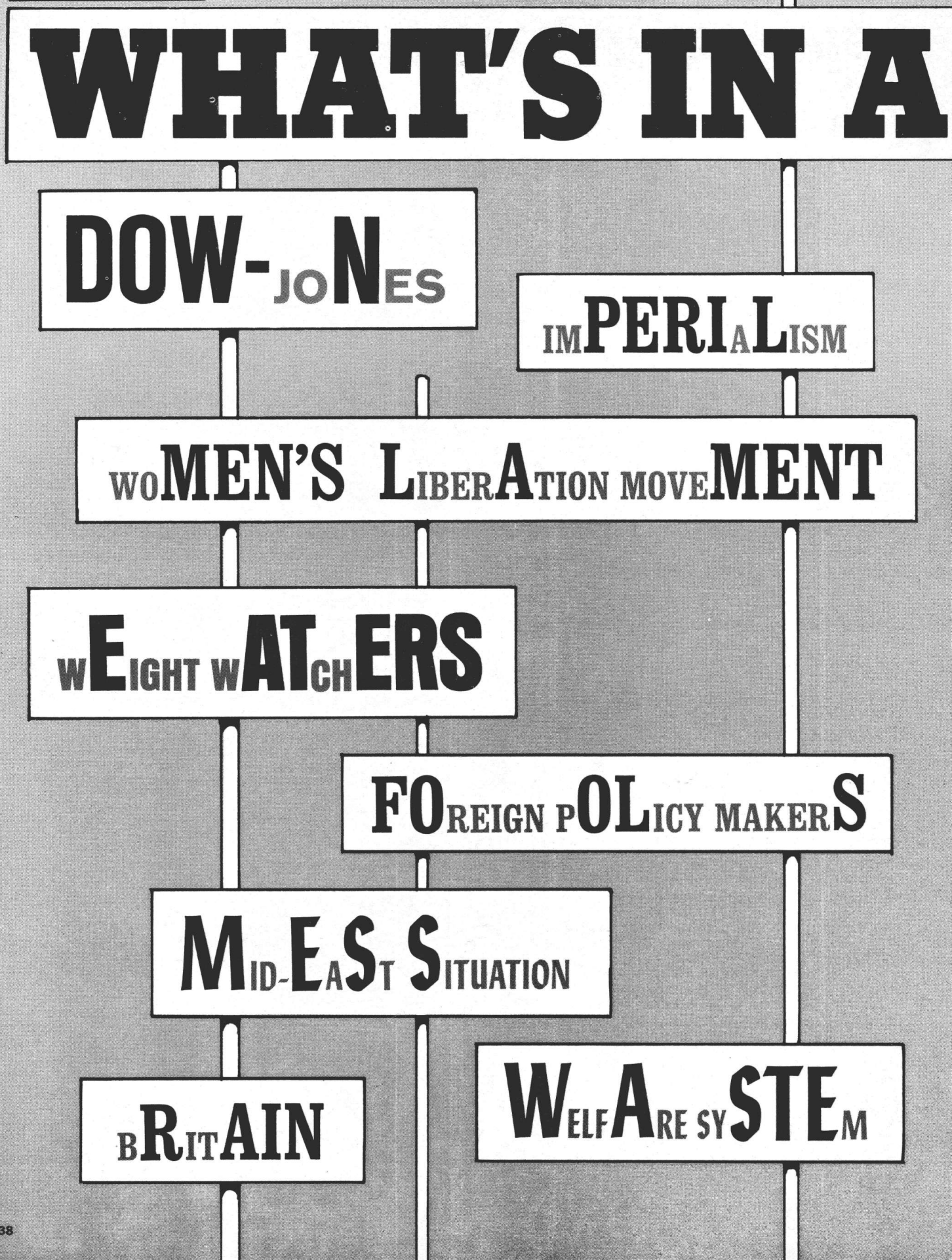
...FOR SHAKING UP **SALES HELP**

...FOR SHAKING UP **ELEVATOR OPERATORS**



...FOR SHAKING UP **CAB DRIVERS**

WHAT'S IN A


DOW-JONES
IMPERIALISM
WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT
WEIGHT WATCHERS
FOREIGN POLICY MAKERS
MID-EAST SITUATION
BRITAIN
WELFARE SYSTEM

NAME?

PART TWO: INSTITUTIONS

CONCEIVED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

DEMOCRACY

SOVIET UNION

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

AIR POLLUTION

PUBLIC RELATIONS

CURRENT MEDIA OUTPUT

ABORTION

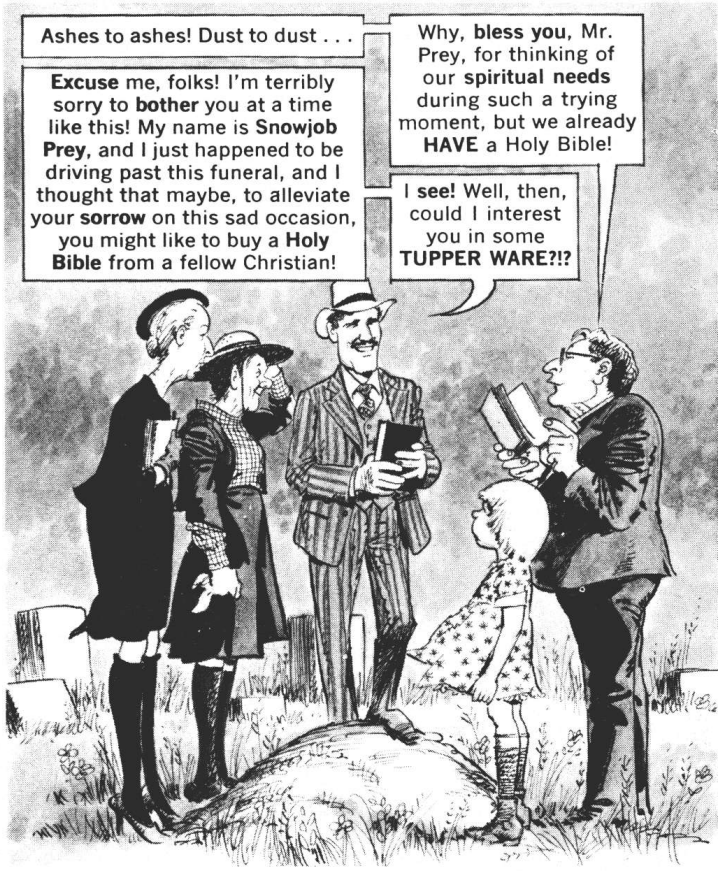
Hi! Remember **me?** Don't let the **moustache** fool you! I made you cry your **eyes** out a few years back in **"Love Story"!** I also made a **million bucks!**

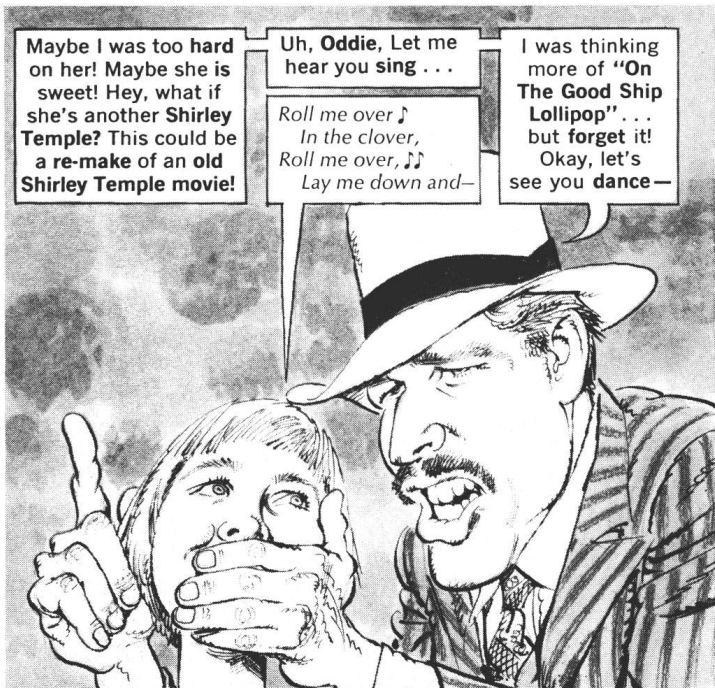
Listen, I **know** that movie was awful, but I'm **not apologizing** for it! Because being a **millionaire** means never having to say you're **sorry!**

Anyway, in this, my latest film, I play a small-time **con-man** during the **1930's,** who travels around the country with a **little girl,** trying to take people for everything they got!

Let me tell you, it wasn't **easy** locating the right kid to play the little girl! But after an **exhaustive talent hunt** that led me across the **length** and **breadth** of my **Beverly Hills home,** I finally managed to **find** her! She's a fantastic actress, a wonderful trouper, and mainly my **daughter!**

And now . . . get ready for **MAD's version** of the movie about a **con artist** who turns out to be a **total idiot!** In fact, **MAD** calls him the—





RYAN'S DAUGHTER DEPT.

"CAPER GOON"

Mr. Prey, this is **Oddie Bodkins**, the daughter of the woman who died! Poor tyke, she's an **orphan** now, and she's gonna have to live with her **Aunt** in **Missouri!**

Glad to **meet** you, Oddie! Er . . . how **old** are you?

Er . . . you go to **school?**

What **class** are you in?

Do you have any **friends?**

Do you come here **often?**

I was **thinking**, maybe you'd **drive** her to the **station!**

I was thinking, maybe they **buried** the **wrong member** of the **family!**

What do you **say**, Mr. Prey? Will you drive her?

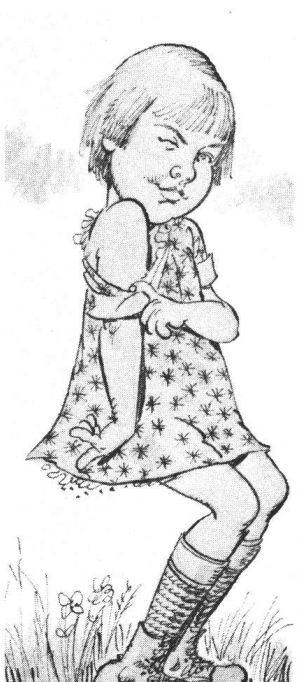
No way! Look at that **face!** I'd be **mugged** before I turned on the **ignition!**

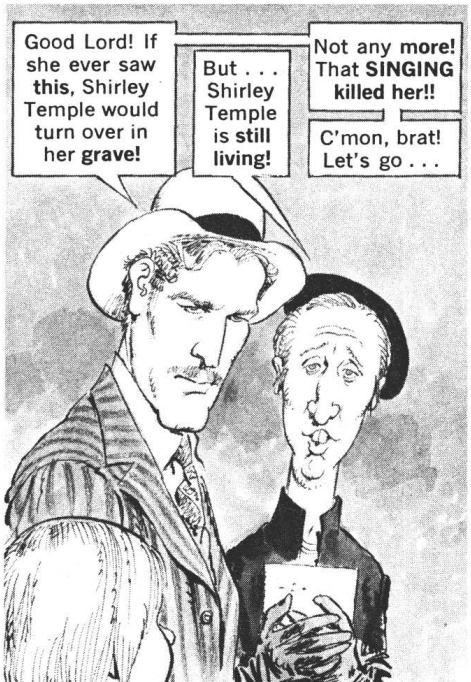
She's really a **sweet** little girl! She's just a bit **upset!** On top of everything **else**, **Spot** ran away from her today!

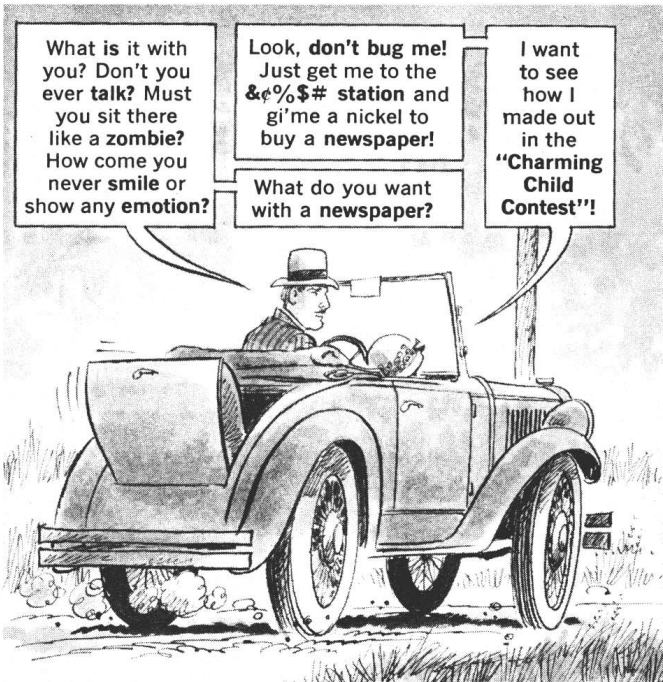
That's too bad! She lost her little **pet**, **too?!?**

Yes, but **he'll** turn up! After all . . . how **far** can a **snake travel?**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

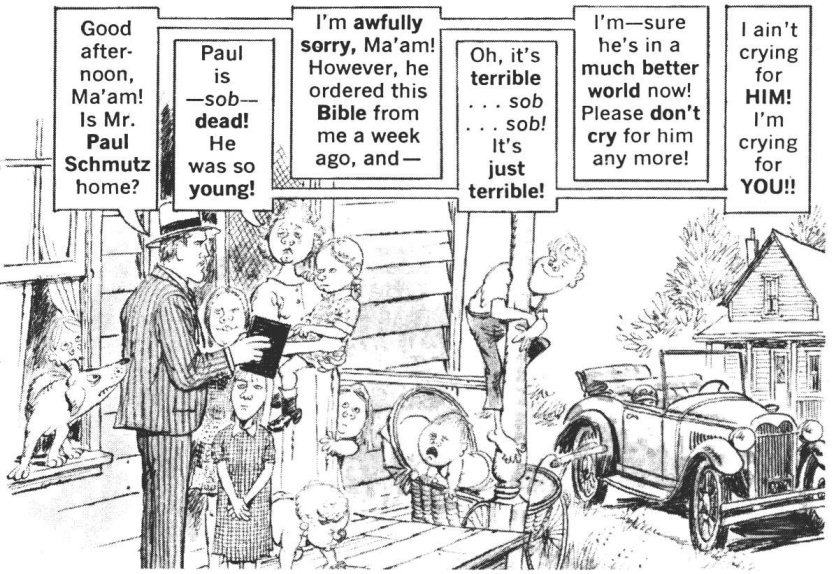




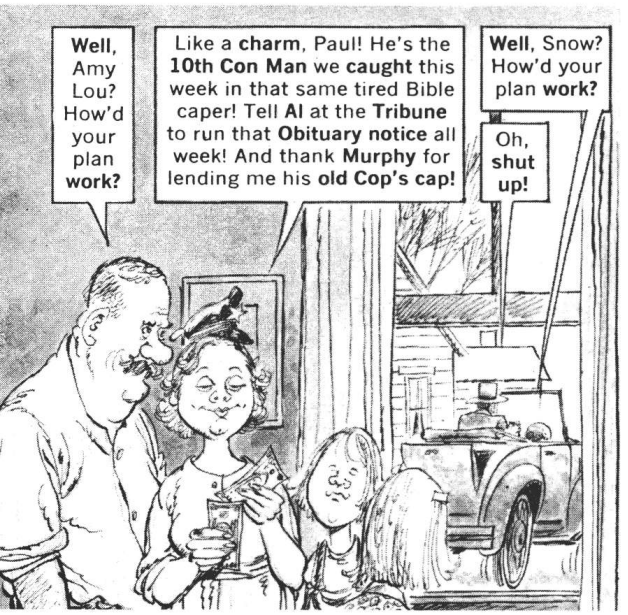


Well? How'd you do in the Charming Child Contest?
&*%$#!! I came in last . . . right behind John Dillinger!
Dillinger?!? Who'd believe he's a child?
The same idiots who'd believe I'M a child, too!
Hello, friend! I'm Snowjob Prey, the sharpest con-man in the West! Unfortunately, you're my next victim! I understand that Mrs. Bodkins was killed by a hit-and-run driver, namely you! Now, if you fork over $200, I'll forget what I know about it!
You GOT me, pal! But I don't have the money, so I'll have to owe it to you!
Not so fast! This is Snowjob Prey you're dealing with! Remember? What assurance do I have that you'll pay me?
I'll cross my heart, spit three times, and kiss my pinkie up to the sky!
I knew you'd come around! Well . . . so long, sucker!
Just a second! Er—how'd you like to toss me for the $200—double or nothing?
Good enough! We'll use my two-headed coin! Cry . . .
Er—tails!
It's heads! We're even!
Hold on, there! I tossed you double or nothing, and I WON!!
Look, what did I owe you? $200, right? And what did I give you? Nothing, right? What's two times nothing? Nothing!! Right . . . ?
Right! You owe me nothing! Now, gi'me back my coin and I'll be going along!
I'll toss you for it, double or nothing!
Keep it! You suffered enough for one day!
I'm not sure, but I think something went wrong in there . . . only I can't put my finger on it!
Finish your meal, Oddie! Your train will be here soon!
I'm not going anywhere until you give me my $200!
WHAT $200?!?
The $200 that man owes you for killing my Mother with his car!
You're wrong! That man didn't kill your Mother with his car! Your Mother died when you were born! Only it was a slow, painful death! The car just put her out of her misery!
That money belongs to me! Gi'me my &*%$# $200!
Shut up!!
I want my &*%$ money! You &%$# crook . . . thief . . . robber!!
Aw, ain't that somethin'! It's just like a scene from a movie of the '30's!
George Murphy and Shirley Temple??
No . . . Doctor Frankenstein and his Monster!!

I'm not leaving until I get my &*%$#@ $200, so hand it over NOW!
Hey, I've got an idea! How'd you like to toss me for it . . . double or nothing?!?
Okay!
Cry . . .
Er . . . heads!!
Heads it is . . . so we're even!
Look! What'd I owe you? $200, right? What's two times $200? $400, right?
What do you mean? I tossed you double or nothing . . . and I WON!!
Right! So you owe me $400!
Uh—something tells me I'm still not doing this right!
I'm not leaving your side until you get the money! So, let's go!
Where are we going?
To a hotel room!
Hey! A little girl, living with a strange man in a hotel room?!? Why, it's . . .
You're right! In today's films, it IS old hat! But, let's go anyway!!
STORE
The weed of crime bears bitter fruit! Crime does not pay! The Shadow knows! Heh-heh-heh—
Maybe I've got you figured all wrong, Oddie! Maybe, deep down, you're really a nice little girl who carries around a cute little cigar box, and who likes to listen to the radio, and who's always playing with toys and dolls . . .
Hempo
. . . and lung cancer!!
Hey, does your Mother know you smoke?!?
Not any more! My Mother's dead, remember!?
I'm not talking about your "screen" Mother! I'm talking about your REAL Mother!
Who IS my real Mother? I wouldn't know! I'm a Beverly Hills kid!
I wouldn't know either! I'm a Beverly Hills FATHER!!
Now here's how this con-game works! I find the name of a guy who died in the Obituary column, see! Then, I call on his Widow, and tell her that the deceased ordered a Bible before he died! So the Widow pays for it! Great idea, huh?
No, it's a stupid idea! Okay, what do you want me to do?
How should I do that?
I dunno! Stand out here on the lawn and scare crows away or somethin'!
Easy! Just smile at them!
Good afternoon, Ma'am! Is Mr. Paul Schmutz at home?
No . . . he—he's gone to the Great Beyond!
Oh, I'm terribly sorry! But, you see, before he died, he ordered this Bible . . .
I didn't say he died! He's gone to the Great Beyond HOTEL in Funk, Missouri! He ran off with the town floozy! When he comes back, THAT's when he's gonna die!
Whoops! I think I got the wrong Paul Schmutz!

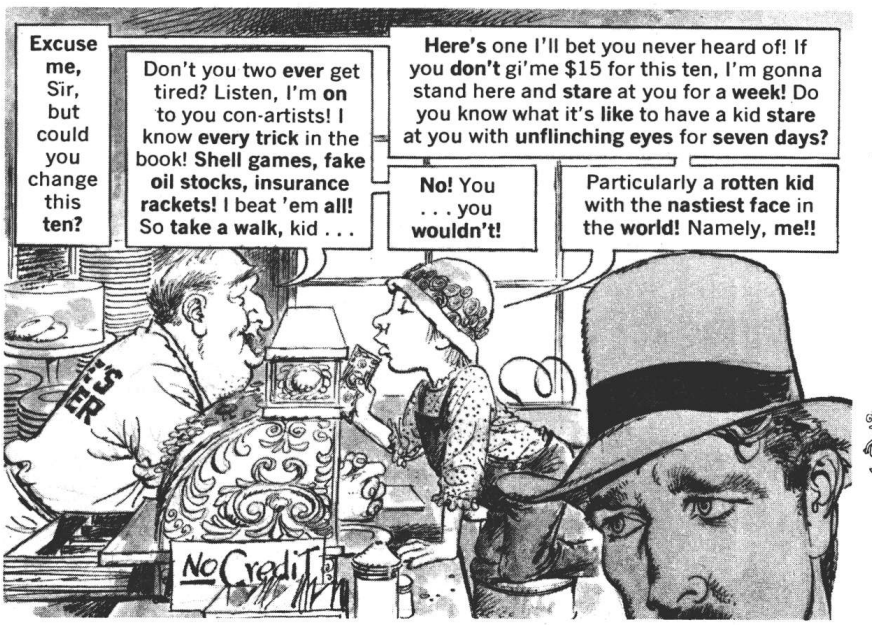

Good after-noon, Ma'am! Is Mr. **Paul Schmutz** home?
Paul is —*sob*— **dead!** He was so **young!**
I'm **awfully sorry,** Ma'am! However, he ordered this **Bible** from me a week ago, and—
Oh, it's **terrible** . . . *sob* . . . *sob!* It's **just terrible!**
I'm—sure he's in a **much better world** now! Please **don't cry** for him any more!
I ain't crying for **HIM!** I'm crying for **YOU!!**

For **ME**, Ma'am . . . ?
Yep! Y'see, I'm the **Town Meter Maid**, and there's **NO PARKING** on this street after **4:00 P.M.** It's about **4:30** now, so that's gonna cost you **$25!**
But there's **no SIGN** out there!
Resisting arrest, eh? That's gonna cost you **another $5!**
Okay! Okay! Here's your **Bible**, and here's **30 bucks** for the **parking fines!** Just let me **out** of here!
HOLY BIBLE


Well, Amy Lou? How'd your plan **work?**
Like a **charm**, Paul! He's the **10th Con Man** we **caught** this week in that same tired Bible caper! Tell **Al** at the **Tribune** to run that **Obituary notice** all week! And thank **Murphy** for lending me his **old Cop's cap!**
Well, Snow? How'd your plan **work?**
Oh, **shut up!**

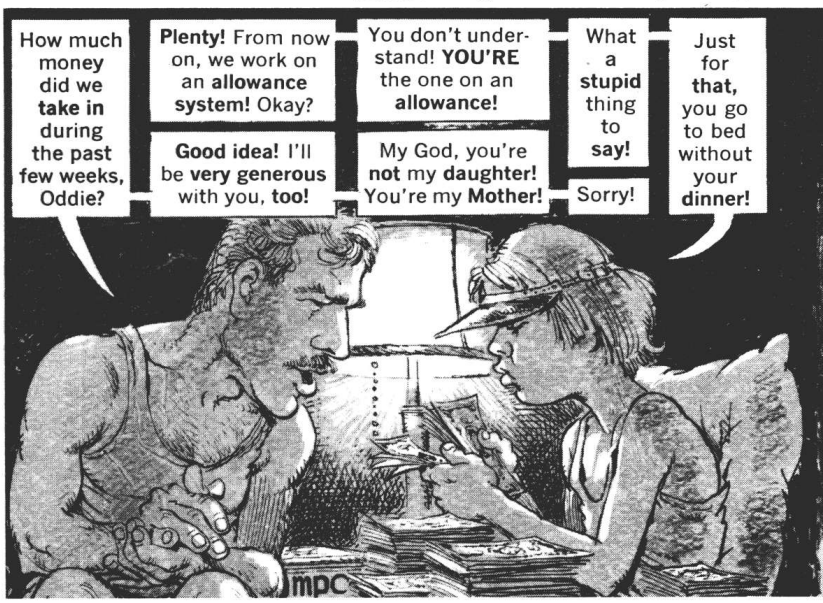
My luck's just **gotta** change! Now, **here's** a con-game that **never** misses! Watch me get **$15** for **$10!**
Will you change a **ten,** please?
Certainly! One . . . two . . . three . . . four five . . .
Excuse me! What's the purpose of that **button?**
Gee . . . I don't know **WHAT** it's **FOR!** Now, **where was I . . . ?**
You just said **"FOUR"!**
Oh, yeah, four! **Five, six . . .** Say, the **Diner closes soon** if you plan on **eating!**
No, thanks! We **ate!**
Oh, you **ate—nine,** and **ten!** There you are, Sir!
JOE'S DINER
MENU

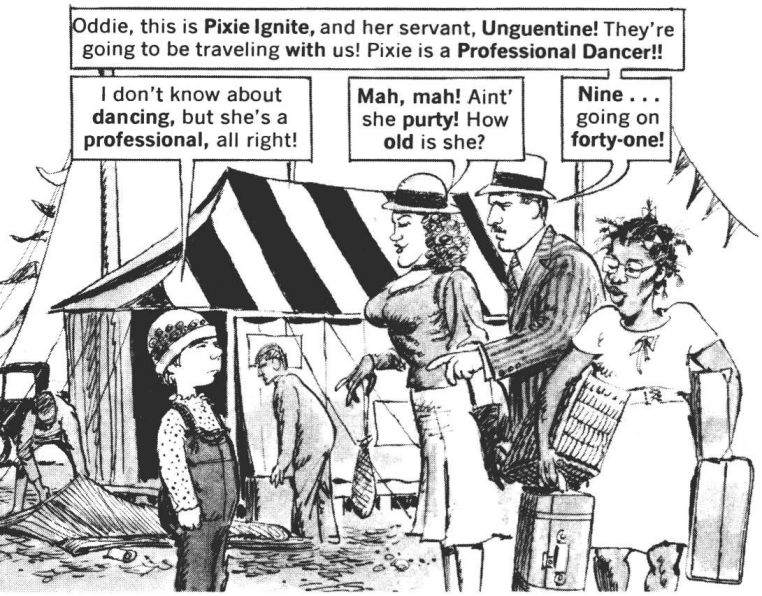
How'd you do with the **change of ten** caper, Snow?
For **some** reason, I only got back **nine dollars!**
Can **I** try it?
You . . . ?! A measly, inexperienced **kid?!** What do you wanna **do** . . . ruin my **fantastic business!** Let me put it **another** way . . .
Why don't **YOU** try it?


Excuse me, Sir, but could you change this **ten?**
Don't you two **ever** get tired? Listen, I'm **on** to you con-artists! I know **every trick** in the book! **Shell games, fake oil stocks, insurance rackets!** I beat 'em **all!** So **take a walk,** kid . . .
Here's one I'll bet you never heard of! If you **don't** gi'me $15 for this ten, I'm gonna stand here and **stare** at you for a **week!** Do you know what it's **like** to have a kid **stare** at you with **unflinching eyes** for **seven days?**
No! You . . . you **wouldn't!**
Particularly a **rotten kid** with the **nastiest face** in the **world!** Namely, **me!!**
No Credit

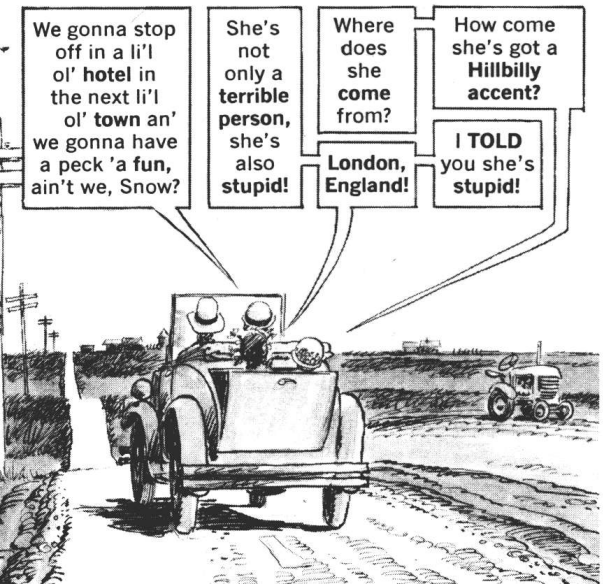
Stop! Please!
No! Anything but THAT!
And if that don't work, I'll repeat everything you say for a month!
No! Anything but THAT!

How do you like THAT for a new con-game?
It's kinda subtle . . . but it just might work!
Hempo


How much money did we take in during the past few weeks, Oddie?
Plenty! From now on, we work on an allowance system! Okay?
Good idea! I'll be very generous with you, too!
You don't understand! YOU'RE the one on an allowance!
My God, you're not my daughter! You're my Mother!
What a stupid thing to say!
Sorry!
Just for that, you go to bed without your dinner!
mpc

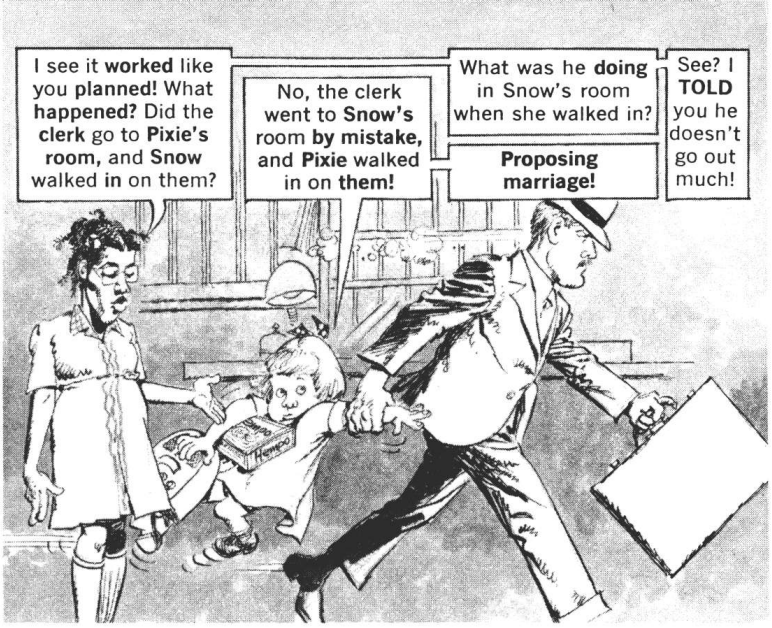

Oddie, this is Pixie Ignite, and her servant, Unguentine! They're going to be traveling with us! Pixie is a Professional Dancer!!
I don't know about dancing, but she's a professional, all right!
Mah, mah! Aint' she purty! How old is she?
Nine . . . going on forty-one!

How come I have to sit in the back! You, I can understand! But why me?
It's Miss Pixie's idea! She's a real terrible woman!
Why do you work for her?
I dunno! I guess things could be worse!
How . . . ?
Well . . . I could be workin' for YOU!

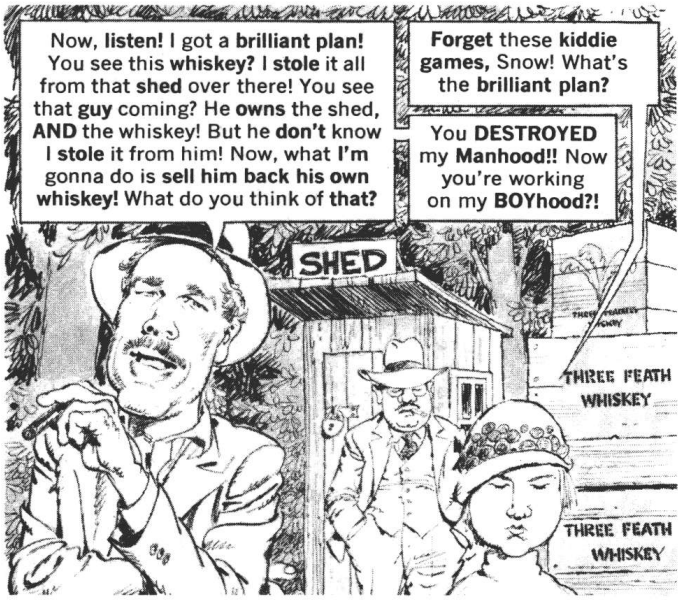

We gonna stop off in a li'l ol' hotel in the next li'l ol' town an' we gonna have a peck 'a fun, ain't we, Snow?
She's not only a terrible person, she's also stupid!
Where does she come from?
London, England!
How come she's got a Hillbilly accent?
I TOLD you she's stupid!

We gotta break up this thing between Snow an' Pixie! She's gonna do terrible things to him!
You're wrong! She's very GOOD at what she does!
I got an idea! I'll tell the desk clerk Pixie has the hots for him! Then, when he goes to her room, I'll tell Snow! He'll walk in and get jealous, Pixie will get embarrassed, and that'll be the end of the affair! What do you think?
Sounds okay, except for one thing! What makes you think Pixie'll get embarrassed?
Don't you see? There'll be two men in her room!
Are you kiddin'? She's so cool, she took on the whole Police Force of Wichita while she was readin' a book!

THAT's who you're gonna fix up with Pixie?! I get the feeling he doesn't go out much!
Hi, there! How would you like a date with a gorgeous, sexy girl?
Not with ME, Stupid! I'm 9 years old!
I'm all yours, Baby!
Listen, who's perfect?
What did I tell you?

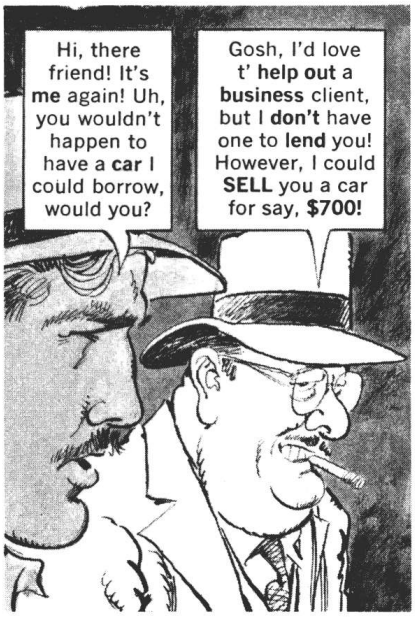

I see it worked like you planned! What happened? Did the clerk go to Pixie's room, and Snow walked in on them?
No, the clerk went to Snow's room by mistake, and Pixie walked in on them!
What was he doing in Snow's room when she walked in?
Proposing marriage!
See? I TOLD you he doesn't go out much!

Listen to me, Oddie! Everything's gone wrong since I tied up with you! You've destroyed my manhood, you ruined it for Pixie and me, and all of my con-games keep failing! Now, I got one more caper up my sleeve . . . which is gonna be my biggest one yet! If you ruin this one, you're gonna join your Mother in Kansas!
You mean join my Aunt in Missouri! My—my Mother is dead, and buried in Kansas!
You HEARD what I said!

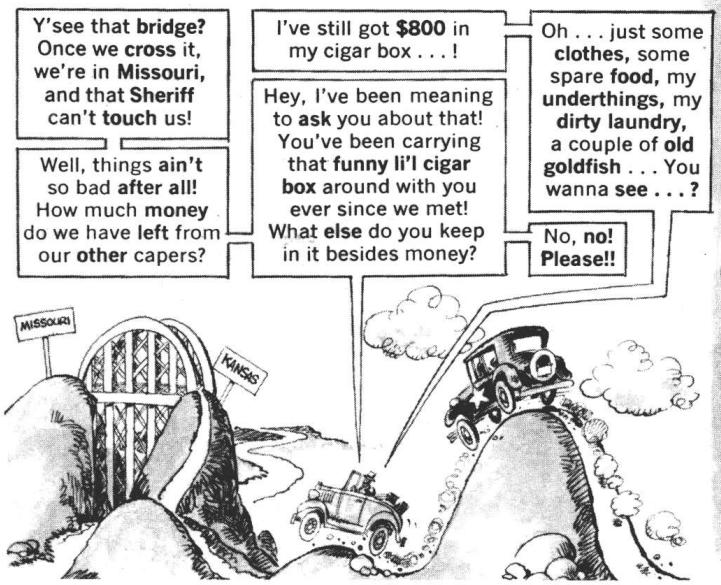

Now, listen! I got a brilliant plan! You see this whiskey? I stole it all from that shed over there! You see that guy coming? He owns the shed, AND the whiskey! But he don't know I stole it from him! Now, what I'm gonna do is sell him back his own whiskey! What do you think of that?
Forget these kiddie games, Snow! What's the brilliant plan?
You DESTROYED my Manhood!! Now you're working on my BOYhood?!
SHED
THREE FEATH WHISKEY
THREE FEATH WHISKEY

Hi, friend! How'd you like to buy some booze, cheap?
Okay, I'll give you $600 for the lot! Wait a minute! Maybe I'd better not! My shed is jammed full with whiskey, and I don't know if I got the room for this!
It'll JUST fit! Trust me . . .
SHED

It worked! A caper finally worked!
Oh-oh! Somebody must have tipped off the Cops! And the Sheriff in this town has it in for me! Quick . . . into the car . . .
Oh, no! We gotta get out of here!
Look! A Police car . . .
But, the car's gone!

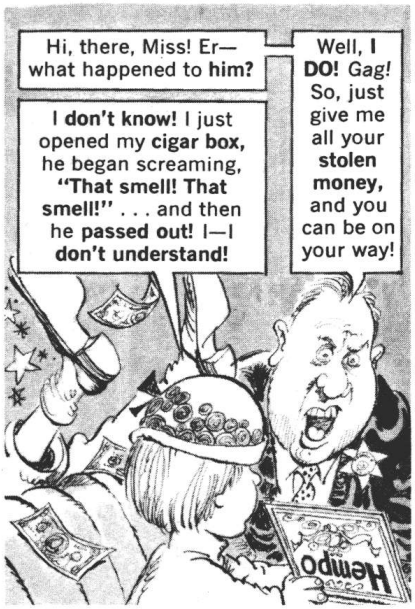

Hi, there friend! It's me again! Uh, you wouldn't happen to have a car I could borrow, would you?
Gosh, I'd love t' help out a business client, but I don't have one to lend you! However, I could SELL you a car for say, $700!

Take it, Snow! The cops will be here any second!
Okay, here's the $600 I got for the booze, plus $100 of my own! Where's the car?
Right here, pal!
Cripes! While I was stealing his booze, he was stealing my car! Nothing goes right for me! Nothing!


Y'see that bridge? Once we cross it, we're in Missouri, and that Sheriff can't touch us!
Well, things ain't so bad after all! How much money do we have left from our other capers?
I've still got $800 in my cigar box . . . !
Hey, I've been meaning to ask you about that! You've been carrying that funny li'l cigar box around with you ever since we met! What else do you keep in it besides money?
Oh . . . just some clothes, some spare food, my underthings, my dirty laundry, a couple of old goldfish . . . You wanna see . . . ?
No, no! Please!!
MISSOURI
KANSAS

YEECH
Hempo

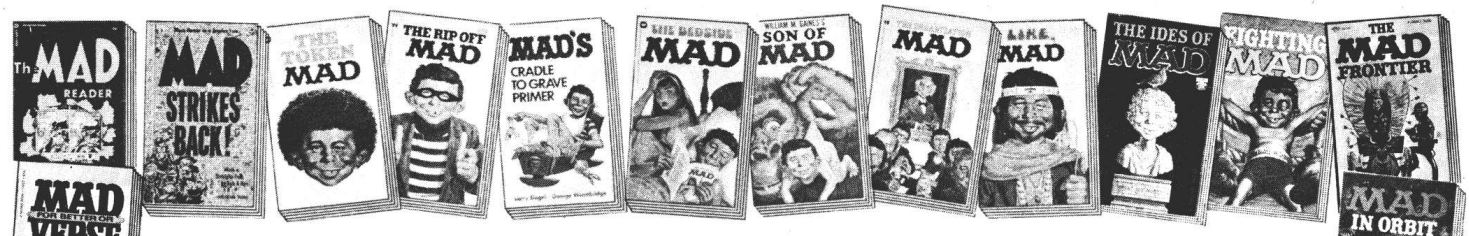
CRASH!
BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

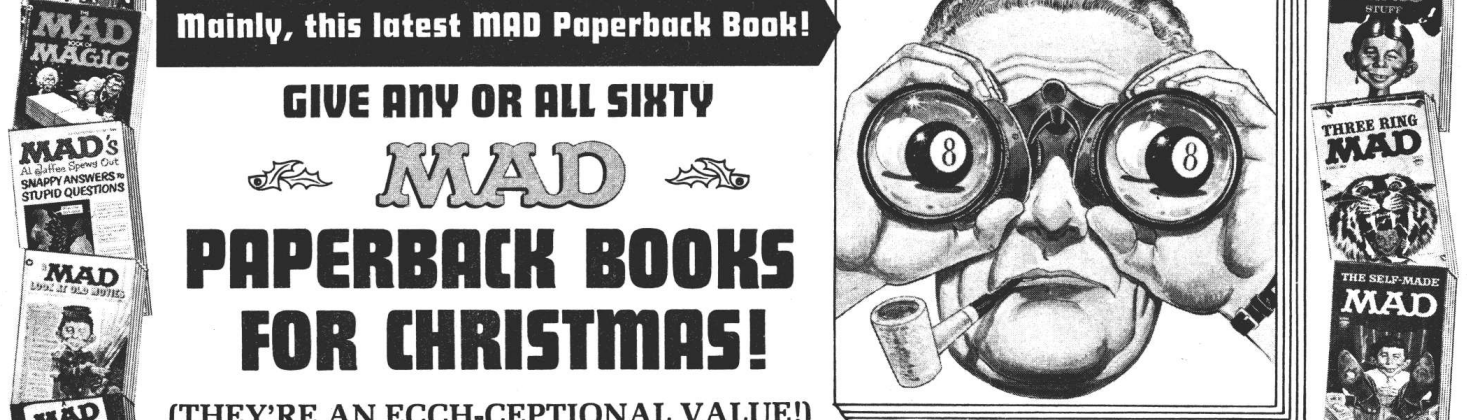

Hi, there, Miss! Er— what happened to him?
I don't know! I just opened my cigar box, he began screaming, "That smell! That smell!" . . . and then he passed out! I—I don't understand!
Well, I DO! Gag! So, just give me all your stolen money, and you can be on your way!
Hempo

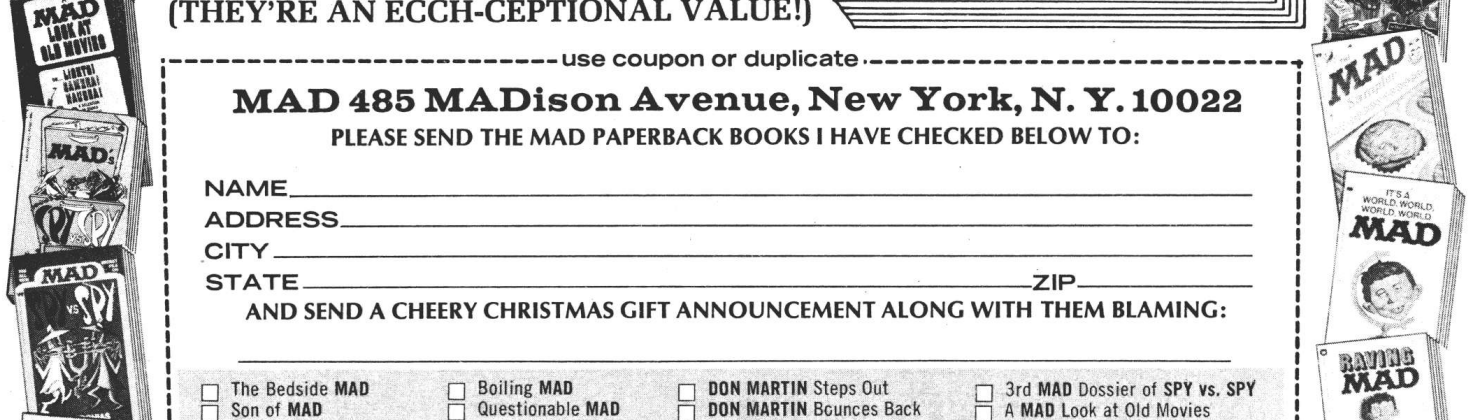
Aunt Millie? I brought you your niece, Oddie Bodkins . . . and good riddance!
Oddie! How wonderful to see you! You're going to stay here with me for the rest of your life, and have your own room, and eat good food, and live in comfort and security! And no more terrible people will ever bother you again!
I'd rather go with you, Snow!
You mean, you won't take it?

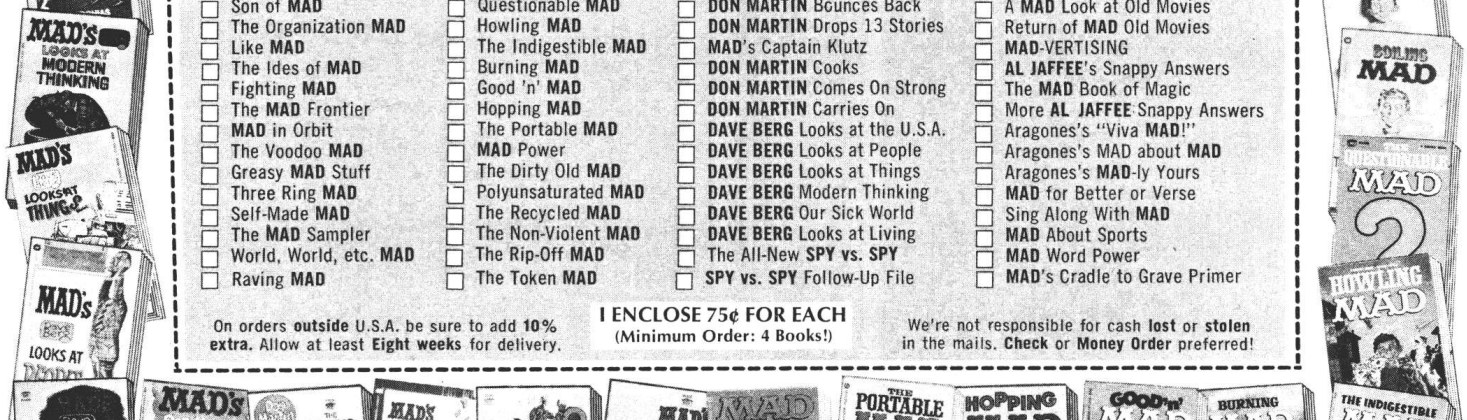
I'LL TAKE IT!!

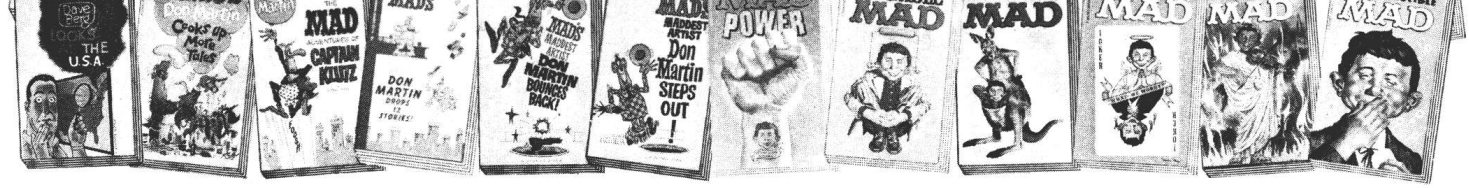
But it's not fair! It's MY ROOM!! And after all . . . I'm your flesh and blood!
I know, dear! But he got there first! And besides, he needs it more than you! He's in very bad shape!
But where will I live?
Why don't you move into the haunted house on the corner?
Th-that house isn't haunted!
It will be . . . just as soon as YOU move in!











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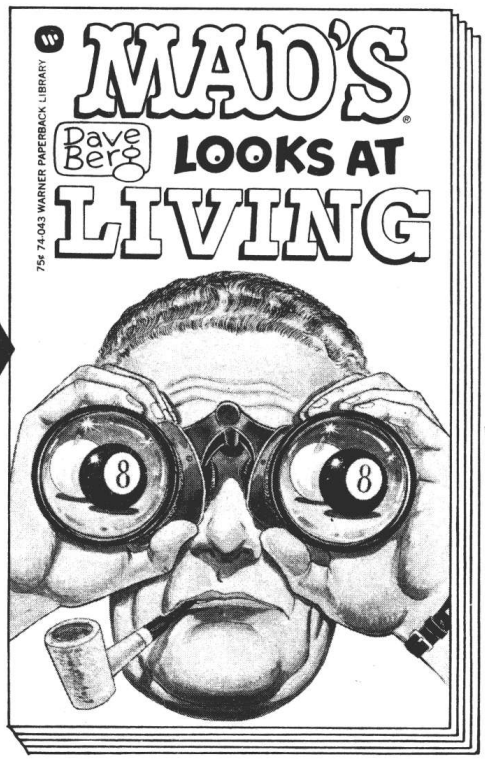

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WHEN IS THERE NEVER A SHORTAGE OF GAS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

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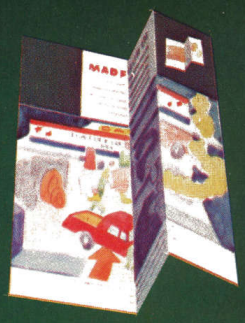
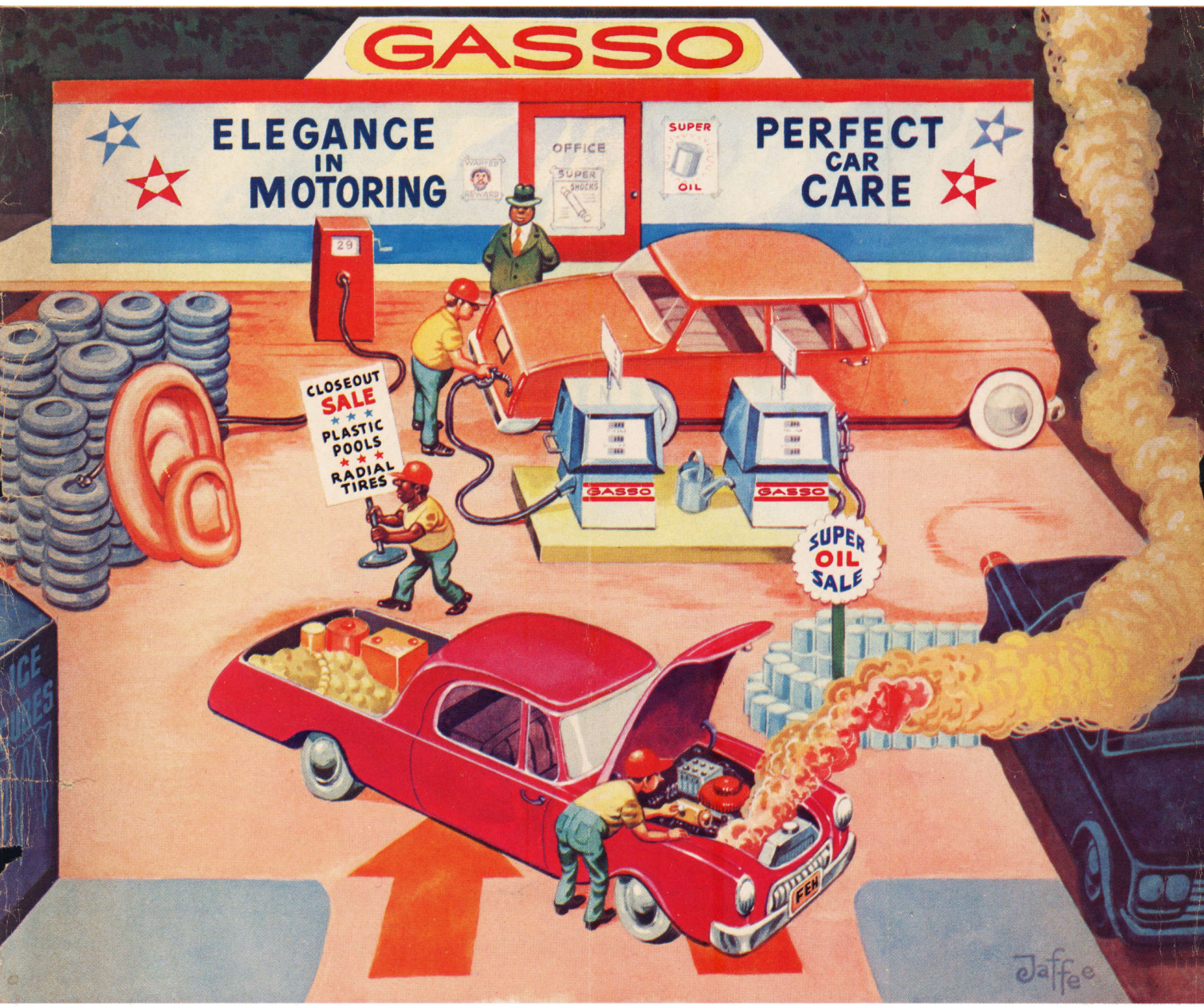


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

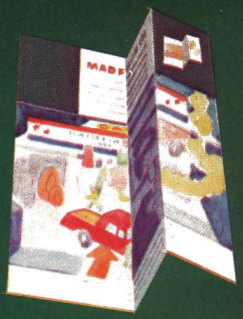
AMERICANS REGARD "GAS" AS A MOST ELEMENTARY NECESSITY. THUS, ANY ACTION THAT REDUCES THIS SUPPLY IS A CRIME

A▸ ◂B

CHRISTMAS MORNING-1973

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD

WHEN IS THERE NEVER A SHORTAGE OF GAS?



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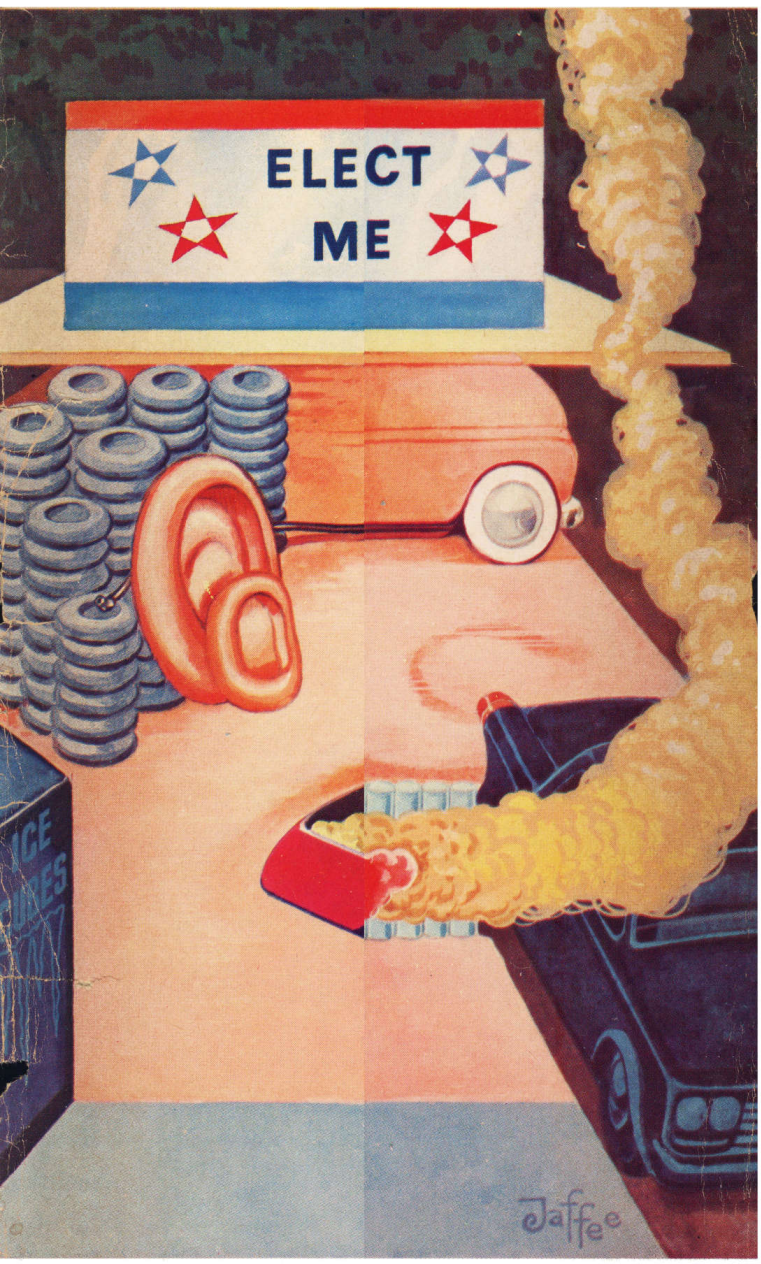

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AT ELECTION TIME

A⋈B